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THE LITTLE RED RIBBON.

BY J. W. RILEY.

The little red ribbon, the ring and the rose!
The summertime comes and the summerthne goes—
And never a blossom in all of the land
As white as the gleam of her beckoning hand.

The long winter months, and the glare of the snows:
The little red ribbon, the ring and the rose!
And never a glimmer of sun in the skies
As bright as the light of her glorious eyes!

Dreams only are true; but they fade and are gone,
And her face is not here when I wake at dawn:
The little red ribbon, the ring and the rose,
All, all I give up from my wealth of repose!

I am weary of waiting, and weary of tears,
And my heart tires, too, all these desolate years,
Moaning over the one only song that it knows,
The little red ribbon, the ring and the rose!

IN AFTER YEARS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE COST OF HER PROMISE;" "A GIRL'S MISTAKE;" "NOT FAIR FOR ME." ETC.

CHAPTER III.—[CONTINUED.]

"HERE, mate, come and take a hand and change the confounded luck!" one of the players exclaimed, as he looked up and saw the new-comer.

"Not to-night, mate."

Desmond, with a nod and forced smile, passed the table and looked eagerly round the room.

On a small raised platform stood an old piano littered with sheets of music, and a tall man with a long beard and bold black eyes, in whom Desmond recognized one of the greatest desperadoes in the camp, was turning over the loose pages and selecting his favorite songs.

But of Patricia, to his intense relief, Desmond saw no sign.

"I might have known it was a falsehood. Imagine that innocent child here!" he said to himself, with a deep sigh of relief as he turned and retraced his steps towards the door.

"Here, Selwyn, deal for me, at all events if you won't play," said one of the Nap players.

"All right.

"How's the luck mate?"

"Awfully bad! I am just about cleaned out."

Desmond took the cards in his hand. As he dealt the first round, a loud stamping of feet, a jingling of the glasses on the table, followed by a sudden lull in the noise, attracted his attention.

He paused in the act of dealing the cards and turning towards the platform, saw, with a horror and disgust too deep for utterance, Patricia standing by the piano with a sheet of music in her hand!

For a moment, Desmond could scarcely believe the evidence of his senses.

It must be a mistake, a horrible dream, he told himself; and yet it was all clear and distinct enough.

On the platform, in her shabby frock, Patricia stood singing in her sweet girlish voice one of the sentimental ballads which were the rough diggers' favorite songs.

She was looking flushed and excited, and consequently much prettier than usual: and Desmond noticed with angry disgust that the bold black eyes of the man sitting at the piano, playing the accompaniment to the song, never once stirred from the girl's face.

It was with difficulty that Desmond could restrain his impatience until the song was finished, for the impulse to rush forward and rescue her at any cost from the contaminating atmosphere around was almost too strong to be resisted. He elbowed his way a little nearer the platform, and stood with his strong white teeth viciously biting his moustache, and his angry blue eyes fixed upon Patricia's unconscious face, waiting till the song should cease.

Loud applause and more than one cry of *encore* rang through the room as the last sweet note died away; and the accompanist rose from his seat, and, placing his hand familiarly on the girl's shoulder, whispered eagerly in her ear.

Patricia frowned, and shook herself from his detaining hand.

Desmond could not hear either question or answer; but he guessed from her manner and decided shake of the head that she had refused to comply with the request, whatever it might be, which the man made.

He laughed insolently.

"Oh, but you must! You promised another song, or, if not"—and he bent his head so closely over the girl's shoulder that his beard touched her cheek—"you must pay the forfeit!

"Give me a kiss, and I'll let you off this time."

Desmond started forward, with a muttered imprecation; but, long before he could reach the platform, Patricia, with one quick bound, had sprung out of reach of the rough hand which clutched at her dress, and caught up a knife which lay on the table.

"If you dare—if you touch me—I will stab you!" the girl panted.

She looked like a savage young tigress as she stood with her parted lips and dilated eyes, and a loud murmur of amusement and admiration rose from the audience. But the fiery eyes softened and drooped and the fierce little hand fell nervously to her side as Desmond pushed his way through the crowd and sprang upon the platform.

"Come away, Patricia; this is no fit place for you," he said, in a low voice, full of concentrated anger and disgust.

Patricia obediently put her hand within his proffered arm and allowed him to lead her down the room.

A murmur of dissatisfaction and sullen protest rose from the audience; but Desmond looked so dangerously defiant and reckless, and his blue eyes glanced so significantly towards the revolver which peeped out of his breast pocket, that it was judged prudent to allow the pair to pass undisturbed.

Desmond drew a deep breath of relief as the door closed behind them, and they stood outside in the moonlight, with the cool evening air blowing in their flushed faces.

He walked on in silence for a while with Patricia, who, now that the moment of excitement was past, was clinging, pale and frightened, to his arm.

Desmond could not trust himself to speak for some time; his anger and disgust were too great.

Patricia, unconscious as yet of the enormity of her offence in his eyes, glanced meekly at him from time to time like a chidden child.

"How pale he is—how awfully angry he looks!" the girl thought timidly.

She summoned courage to speak at last.

"Mr. Selwyn, you are not angry with me are you?

"You won't tell Jesse?" she said, placing a timid little hand on his arm.

The childish penitent voice, the tearful face, above, the perfect innocence in the girl's manner, sent a pang of pity and tenderness through the young man's heart. She was so young and innocent and—Heaven help her!—so utterly friendless. He drew her suddenly to his side with an inexpressible yearning to give her the protection and care she so sorely needed. "Angry?

"No, I am far too sorry to be angry, my child," he said sadly.

"Sorry!

"Why?"—and Patricia, relieved of her worst trouble, the dread of her idol's displeasure, looked up with perplexed eyes. "Oh, you mean because of what happened to-night!

"But that was quite an unusual thing, Mr. Selwyn.

"Generally they are all nice and civil enough.

"It was the first time any one was rude to me, and I dare say it will never happen again."

"Happen again! You must never go there again, Patricia—never!" Desmond said sternly.

"Why not?"

"Why not! Oh, you poor little child!" Desmond cried passionately.

"Can't I make you understand why it is impossible—the shame—the degradation of it all?

"An innocent child like you standing on that platform, singing love-songs to men like—them!"

He pointed back to the canteen with a gesture of infinite scorn and loathing.

"Oh, it is horrible, shameful!"

But still Patricia failed to understand the full meaning of the words; there was even a ring of indignant pride in her sweet voice as she threw back her head, and looked up into Desmond's face.

"Shame—degradation! I don't know what you mean, Mr. Selwyn. It is honest work, at all events.

"You don't suppose I do it for my own pleasure or amusement? I am obliged to do that, or——"

"Or what?" asked Desmond sternly.

Patricia bit her lip angrily.

"Or starve," she said sullenly, "since you will have the reason!"

"Starve!"—and Desmond's angry look changed into one of pain and astonishment.

"Yes, starve; that is the plain English of it," Patricia answered unwillingly.

"The money we brought with us was all spent long ago, and you know well enough we have made nothing since we came here.

"Jesse thinks I am a splendid manager, and often wonders how I can contrive to make our money last so long! He little knows it was exhausted weeks ago; and he is so ill that I could not bear him to want anything, or to worry him with my troubles."

"Why didn't you tell me?" Desmond asked gently.

"All the same, my child, you must never go there again.

"You are a child—more childish than most girls of your age, I think—and you don't understand—how should you?—the shame and horror of the thing! Why, I would rather have seen my own little sister dead in her coffin than standing where you stood to-night!" the young man cried passionately.

For the first time Patricia began to vaguely understand what the words implied.

The loathing scorn in Desmond's face seemed to throw a new light across her troubled mind.

She looked up, with lovely dilated eyes, the color flushing hotly into her face, and her heart beating fiercely with the birth-throes of her womanhood.

She had been till then only a child—a child, ignorant and innocent of evil; but she was never a child again.

For poor Patricia, unlike other and happier girls, there was to be no gentle transition from childhood to girlhood, from girlhood to womanhood—no reluctant "lingering on the brink of the stream where womanhood and girlhood meet!"

With one sudden bound, she had leaped across the boundary line to the shores of womanhood, and left her innocent childhood behind for ever.

They had passed through the camp, and were walking on the bank by the river-side.

With a quick frightened gesture, Patricia covered her face with her hands and sank down on the short dry grass.

"Ah—I understand now!" she said, with a low sob.

Desmond sat down by her side, and put his arm round the little trembling figure and stroked the thick plait of hair which hung down far below her waist.

"Tell me all about it, dear," he said in his kind voice.

"What first made you think of going there?"

"I was at Fernleys' one night"—with an effort Patricia dried her tears; but there was a white frozen look on her face which touched Desmond keenly, and the sweet childish ring seemed to have died out of her voice and left it strained and hard. "I used to teach the children, you know; and one night Mr. Henderson——"

"Henderson?

"Who is he?"

"The man who keeps the canteen. Don't you know Dick Henderson, Mr. Selwyn? I thought every one did!"—and Patricia looked up with great surprise. "Well, he came in and heard me singing to the children; and he waited outside for me, and asked me if I would come to the canteen three nights a week and sing. He offered me two dollars and a half a night—Mrs. Fernley gave me seventy five cents a week—so I was very pleased, and accepted the offer at once.

"It was rather disagreeable at first; but I soon got used to it, and then the money was so acceptable.

"Indeed, I don't know how we should have lived without it the last three weeks," Patricia added sadly.

"Does Jesse know?"

"Of course not!

"He would not have allowed me to go there, I know; and how we shall manage now without the money I earned I can't imagine;" poor Patricia went on in a hopeless voice.

"You must let me help you of course," said Desmond, in his kind cheery way. "Now don't be a little goose, Pat! Don't you know I am one of those fortunate beings, as Jack Thorold used to say, who are born with a silver spoon in their mouths? I have far more money than I know what to do with, child. It will be a charity to help me to spend it."

"Oh but I cannot!"—and Patricia flushed crimson.

"Jesse never would——"

"Jesse need not know anything about it. Come, Pat, don't be a goose! Besides"—and the young man's face grew very kind and earnest—"I have a little sister at home, just about your age; she may be in trouble and want help some day; and I should like to think that perhaps some good fellow might be a friend to her, just as I want to help you to-day, out of pure kindness and good-nature."

"Very well"—and Patricia looked up with soft dewy eyes—"you shall lend it to me."

"All right.

"You can pay me back when you have made your fortune, you know," Desmond laughed.

"My fortune!"—and Patricia smiled sadly.

"Will you be content to wait till then, Mr. Selwyn?"

"Quite content.

"Now please to remember that I am chief of the commissariat department for the future," Desmond answered gaily.

Patricia smiled, and thanked him; but she did not—as would have been the case only a few hours before—put up her face frankly for his kiss; and when Desmond in

his careless good-natured fashion caught hold of her long plait of hair and, drawing her nearer to him, brushed his moustache lightly across her cheek, she shivered and blushed, and turned away with a strange unaccountable feeling of shyness.

Desmond looked at her in supreme astonishment.

"What's up now? Aren't you going to give me a kiss, Pat? I haven't vexed you, have I, old woman?" he said coaxingly.

"Vexed me!"

The intense love and gratitude in Patricia's dark eyes almost startled Desmond. She took his hand in her own and pressed it passionately to her lips. "If I could only tell you—if you only knew how I thank you in my heart for all your kindness—oh, you would not ask such a question!" the girl cried, with impulsive tears in her eyes.

"I don't need to be told, my dear," Desmond interrupted quickly; "indeed there is nothing to tell or to feel grateful about." He took his watch from his pocket, struck a match, and looked at the time.

"Why do you know how late it is? Nearly ten!

"Jesse will think we are lost," he said gaily.

"Come along Pat!"

CHAPTER IV.

ANOTHER week passed.

Desmond had been more than a month at the Diamond Fields, and the home letters which were forwarded to him from Maritzburg were full of complaints over his long absence and urgent entreaties for his return.

"You must come home for Christmas, at all events," Mrs. Villiers, his eldest and favorite sister wrote.

"We are going to have the house full of people; Lady Bretton is coming for a few days, and she is sure to think, if you are still absent, that it is because of her you stay away so long.

"I know better of course—I know you have forgotten her long ago—nasty deceitful thing; but all the same, I should like her to know it.

"She has gone off very much since her marriage, indeed they say Sir Joseph is a regular Tartar!"

Desmond laughed and pulled his moustache ruefully as he read the letter. He could not but acknowledge to himself how completely the image of his false love had faded from his memory during the past month, how soon the wound which he had fancied life-lasting had healed.

He gave this letter, which contained, besides, a long account of a ball and tennis-match, to Patricia to read one afternoon, when he had persuaded her to give up work an hour earlier, and had taken her for a long walk across the veldt.

They were sitting on the bank to rest, amid a gorgeous carpet of brilliantly hued flowers, with the great Vaal river flowing far below at the foot of the deep red rocks.

There was a golden gleam on the water, a golden haze over the distant camp: even Patricia's face seemed to have caught a faint reflection of the sunset light, for the tired anxious look had died out of her face, and her eyes were wonderfully bright and clear.

She took the letter with an exclamation of pleasure.

Some time before, in the early days of their friendship, she had been startled, and a little awed and impressed, by discovering through some careless remark of Desmond's, that his father was a Baronet, and that his eldest sister had been presented at Court.

And for a little while she had treated him with a respect and deference which amused and puzzled the young man not a little.

But this small piece of snobbish nonsense was soon knocked out of her by Desmond himself, and she soon began to feel deeply interested in the English letters and the scraps of home news, and liked nothing better than to hear Desmond talk—as he was very fond of doing—of his home life.

She took the letter from Desmond's hand and read it silently twice, and, as she read, the brilliant color died slowly out of her cheeks, and her eyes grew dark and troubled.

Silently she folded the letter, replaced it in the envelope, and gave it back to its owner.

"Well, what do you think of it?" Desmond asked.

He was lying on the grass smoking, with his hat pulled over his eyes.

Patricia was sitting a little higher on the bank.

Desmond could not see her face, but he noticed that the patient little hand which rested on her knee clasped and unclasped nervously.

"Asleep, Pat? What do you think of all the dissipations in store for me?" he asked lazily.

"Then you are going?"—and Patricia drew a deep breath, that was almost like a sob.

"I didn't say so—though it is time I went, certainly," Desmond answered, pulling his moustache; "but somehow I don't much care about it.

"I shall be awfully sorry to leave the free, jolly life here, and to settle down quietly again. Would you be sorry to lose me, Pat?"

"Sorry!"

The girl's lips quivered, but with a strong effort she mastered her emotion.

"Of course I know you must go some time—you can't stay here always," she went on in a resolute calm voice; "only—I did not think it would be so soon."

"I have been here over a month, you know, and I only intended to remain a few days," Desmond remarked.

"Still I don't know that I shall go just yet after all.

"Look here, Pat,"—and he smiled reassuringly into the girl's face.

"I'll promise you one thing. I won't leave you behind here. If I go, I'll take you with me."

Patricia shook her head.

"Jesse would never agree to that," she said sadly.

"Why not?"

"Because he is so certain we shall succeed sooner or later.

"Our friends were all against our coming you know, and he would never consent to go back and own that they had been right and he wrong."

"Then he is an obstinate young idiot," Desmond said testily.

Patricia hesitated a moment.

She took up a handful of pebbles and dropped them one by into the broad stream below, and watched the circles widen on the surface with a very thoughtful face.

"I don't know that! After all, I am beginning to be more hopeful myself," she said slowly.

"Do you know"—and she flashed a delighted smile into his eyes—"something very wonderful happened this morning! See, while you and Jesse were at your walk I found these!"

She took out a little leather bag which was tied round her neck and poured out the contents in her hand. Desmond raised himself and looked eagerly.

"Oh, Patsie, you little darling!"—and he gave her a little squeeze.

"Is it possible!

"Four diamonds!"

"Yes, and large ones too! I should think this one"—and Patricia took up the largest stone—"must weigh eight or nine carats at least!

"It will be worth three or four hundred dollars, I know! Isn't that splendid, Desmond!"

"I should just think so. Does Jesse know?"

"Not yet.

"Do you know, I have a presentiment that our luck has changed at last, that this is only the beginning of better things," Patricia went on, in her sweet excited voice.

"Very likely. Oh, you will make your fortune some day, never fear!" Desmond answered gaily.

"But I don't want to tell Jesse just yet—I want——"

"In fact you wan't to pour your riches in a dazzling stream before his astonished eyes," Desmond laughed.

"All right, little woman; only"—and he hesitated a moment—"I wouldn't put it off too long, it is always a pity to postpone good news, I think."

"No, I won't put it off too long," Patricia repeated slowly.

The bright excited smile had died out of her face, her lips quivered, and a look of intense awful dread crept into her dark eyes.

The diamonds fell unheeded upon her lap in a little glistening heap, and she buried her face in her hands with a low sob.

"Oh, my boy—my darling! Has it come at last, and—too late?" Desmond heard her whisper to herself.

He put out his hand and stroked her cheek gently, but did not speak.

How could he try to comfort her? How could he buoy her up with hopes which he knew too well could never be realized, when day by day during the past fortnight he had watched the boy's reluctant feet turning over more and more steadily and certainly towards the Dark Valley of the Shadow, when each morning the weak hand rested more heavily on his arm, the slow step grew more lagging.

And so, as he could not give her comfort, he gave her the next best thing, infinite love and sympathy.

He sat by her side and stroked her hair with a caressing hand, and waited silently till the girl's passionate sobs subsided and her tears flowed more calmly.

She looked up at last, with a piteous smile.

"Am I a great fright, Mr. Selwyn? Will Jesse see I have been crying?" she asked, struggling hard for composure.

"Oh no!

"The wind will blow away all traces of your tears before we reach the camp," Desmond answered cheerfully.

"It was silly to cry; I am not often so foolish, am I?" Patricia went on, with a faint resolute smile that seemed infinitely sadder than the tears to Desmond. "And just now too, when the tide has turned! I can't think why I should have been such an idiot."

She gathered up the diamonds slowly one by one, and replacing them in the bag, slipped it round her neck into the bosom of her dress.

"I really think I must tell Jesse to-night How delighted he will be!" she said more cheerfully.

"It is about time we made a move, isn't it?" Desmond returned. "It is a long walk to the camp you know."

"I suppose so."

Patricia rose from the bank, and stood looking intently across the broad river towards the west.

For quite five minutes she stood there—a tall slim figure in a shabby blue gown, standing out darkly distant against the sunset sky.

The infinite patience and sadness in the girl's face haunted Desmond for days afterwards—came back to him with vivid distinctness even after years had passed away, and his short visit to the Diamond Fields had receded so far into the past as to seem more like a dream than a reality.

"Come, Jesse will be waiting!" Patricia said at last; and so they turned and walked back to the camp almost in silence.

CHAPTER V.

WHEN Desmond and Patricia reached the claim, Jesse was lying on his rugs under the awning which Desmond had rigged up between two willow-trees.

He looked so unusually bright and well and greeted them so cheerfully that Patricia felt her spirits rise again.

After all perhaps she had been needlessly alarming herself.

It was only the increased heat which had made Jesse so weak and languid during the last few days.

She sat down by his side and stroked back, with a caressing hand, the long locks of hair which fell over his forehead.

"We have had such a lovely walk, Jess. Did you think us long in coming back?"

"Not particularly, dear. Where have you been?"

"Desmond took me across the veldt—farther than I have ever been before; and we found such lovely flowers and butterflies! Oh, I never saw such gorgeous colors!

"See"—and Patricia held up a handful of brilliantly hued flowers, white lilies, and delicate fronds of fern—"are they not lovely?"

But Jesse scarcely glanced at them.

He raised himself from his pillow, and looked up at his sister with a bright excited smile.

"What do you think I have been doing since you went, Pat?" he said gaily.

"Nothing much I hope?" Patricia answered, with an anxious glance at his excited face.

"Nothing to tire you, at all events?"

"Oh, no!

"Besides, I feel quite strong to-day," Jess went on quickly.

"And I was so tired of doing nothing that soon after you went, I determined to try if I couldn't take your place for a little while, and I found—what do you think, Patricia?"

"I don't know." Patricia looked up with eager interest.

"Look here!"—and the boy opened his tightly clasped hand, and showed Patricia a small diamond.

"Didn't I always tell you luck would change some day?

"Here is the first-fruit—the nest egg—the foundation-stone of our fortune, and—I found it!" the boy cried, his weak voice thrilling with delight.

Patricia gave a quick warning glance at Desmond as she bent and kissed her brother.

Not for all the diamonds in the fields would she have damped the boy's delight in his success or shown her own treasures just then.

"You clever boy!

"Yes, this is the foundation-stone, and we will begin to build the walls to-morrow," she said gaily.

"Yes, luck has changed at last, Jess."

There was quite a festive gathering in the Raynors' wagon that evening, for the three friends were immeasurably delighted and elated by the success which had been so long and vainly expected, but which really seemed to have come at last.

And Jess was so much brighter and stronger all that evening and during the next two days, that Patricia grew quite hopeful: and even Desmond began to think that he might have taken too gloomy a view of the boy's illness, and that he only needed good nourishment and care and nursing to set him up again.

As Patricia said, luck had certainly changed at last.

She grew almost frightened and bewildered during the next few days at their success.

There was more than five thousand dollars' worth of diamonds in the little leather bag which hung round Jesse's neck, and which he guarded so jealously; and each day added more to the glittering heap.

Desmond was startled and shocked one afternoon when he came up to the claim to inquire how the day's work had prospered, to see the anxious haggard faces of both brother and sister.

Patricia especially looked almost worn out he thought, and he motioned the Kafir who came up with another relay of "stuff" for the cradle decisively away.

"No more to-day.

"You look dead beat, Patricia," he said authoritatively.

"I am tired;" and Patricia, glad to be released, sank down wearily on the bank by Jess's side.

"So I see.

"Well, Jess, what luck?"

"Splendid!" and Jesse gave his weak excited laugh, which was always followed by the cough which fell so painfully on Desmond's ears.

"I'll show them to you presently. We are going to have a grand exhibition of our treasures when we get back to the wagon."

But Jesse was too tired with his short walk from the claim to the wagon to do much more than lie back on his mattress in the tent, which stood near the wagon on the banks of the river, and gaze with silent delight and exultation on the diamonds which Patricia poured out on to a small tray.

He insisted on this being placed on his bed within reach of his hand, and he lay and looked at his treasures gleaming with cold brilliancy in the soft lamplight, and talked in his feeble excited voice to Patricia and made plans for the future, unconscious that for him, alas, there was to be no future—that no to-morrow would ever dawn for him!

"How you do chatter, Jess! No, I shall not stay any longer," Desmond said at last with an anxious glance at the boy's flushed face.

"You ought to have been asleep long ago.

"Good night."

"Asleep?

"Nonsense!

"I am not a bit tired," Jesse declared. "Don't go yet Desmond."

"I must;" and Desmond with a smile and a kindly "good night," went out of the tent.

Patricia crept softly after him and laid her hand gently on his arm.

"Mr. Selwyn—you don't think he is—worse, do you?" she whispered anxiously.

"I think he is far too much excited, dear" Desmond answered cheerfully. "Try to get him to sleep. I don't care to turn in just yet; so, if you want me, I shall be somewhere about."

"Thank you very much; but I don't think there is any need for you to stay, Mr. Selwyn," Patricia replied. "I dare say he will go to sleep directly."

"I hope so."

But Desmond did not feel very confident.

He had watched Jesse very anxiously during the evening, and fancied he saw signs of an impending change; so, instead of going home to his tent as soon as Patricia had left him, he sat down outside the wagon, and, lighting his pipe, watched the starry sky, and waited—he scarcely knew for what, only that he felt certain that Patricia would need him that night.

The summons for which he waited came sooner than he had expected however.

Half an hour had scarcely passed before he heard a low cry from Patricia, and running hastily to the tent, he saw the girl kneeling by the bed supporting Jesse's head on her shoulder.

There was not a trace of color in the boy's face as he lay back, with closed eyes, gasping for breath, while a thin stream of blood issued from his lips and dyed Patricia's frock with a ghastly stain.

Desmond took the boy in his strong arms and wiped away the blood, and moistened the parched lips with brandy; Jesse opened his eyes and smiled faintly.

"The diamonds—where are they?" he whispered.

"Here Jess—quite safe."

Desmond pointed to the bed on which the tray with its glimmering treasures still lay, and Jess put out a feeble hand and drew it nearer to him.

"Pat—tell me——"

How feeble the voice had grown! Patricia had to bend her head to catch the whispered words.

"Tell you what darling?"

"You know—what you read the other day about—treasures upon earth," the feeble voice gasped; and Patricia, quick to understand, took a little Testament from the table and turned hurriedly over the pages.

"Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth."

Oh, how awfully solemn the words sounded—it seemed to Desmond that he had never known how solemn, never realized the full meaning till now!

But Jesse's attention had wandered before the first verse was finished.

He lay back in Desmond's arms, muttering faintly to himself, while Patricia stood watching him with a tearless face.

By-and-by he slept or appeared to sleep, but soon after midnight he awoke.

He looked round the tent, and his eyes rested with a faint bright smile on the diamonds.

Suddenly he put out his hand and drew the tray to him, and smiled into his sister's face.

"What did I tell you? I knew it would come at last!

"Now you see I was right—we are rich now," he said slowly, and then, still with that strange smile upon his face, he fell back and died.

Earth's treasures lay glittering on his breast; earth's riches lay within reach of the nerveless hand; but they were all useless now.

Earth's treasures!

Oh, how utterly valueless!

What a mockery did the glittering stones seem to the two watchers by the bed!

With a gentle hand, Desmond laid the dead boy back on the pillows; reverently he closed the dark eyes and crossed the wasted hands on the breast as he quietly removed the tray of diamonds round which the dead fingers still twined.

Patricia, who had been standing on the opposite side of the bed, watching his movements in perfect silence, and with a strange frozen look on her white face, stepped forward and took the tray from his hands.

Slowly her eyes travelled from the diamonds to the dead boy's face—travelled back as slowly.

With a little gesture of intense scorn and loathing, she pushed the diamonds into Desmond's hands.

"Yes, take care of them, Desmond!" she said with a terrible smile.

"Take care of them! They are—the price of his life!"

And the night went on, and the gray tints of the dawn brightened into the gold and purple and crimson of the coming day; and still she stood there watching with that awful smile, the loved face which death had already changed and beautified.

A week afterwards Desmond and Patricia said good-bye to the Diamond Fields, and set out on their journey to Durban, where

the aunt and uncle who had once before offered Patricia a home resided.

All the energy and brightness of the girl's nature seemed utterly crushed by her loss and she acquiesced in all Desmond's arrangements and allowed him to decide everything for her with a patient indifference utterly foreign to her nature. Jesse was gone!

What did anything matter now? the girl thought.

Mrs. Raynor, her aunt, who received her very kindly, and was disposed to make a great fuss over her, was somewhat disappointed and startled by her quiet undemonstrative manner.

It would have been so much more natural if she had sobbed and wept when poor Jesse's name was mentioned, instead of just looking up with her big eyes, and walking out of the room, and shutting herself in her bedroom, kind-hearted Mrs. Raynor thought.

But Patricia's grief was as yet too great for the relief of tears, thought she did break down just at the last, when Desmond, who was starting for England by the next mail, came to say good-bye.

He had not seen her for a week, and was startled and shocked by the change in her. She looked so young and childish in her black frock, with her long hair hanging down her back, that only Mrs. Raynor's presence prevented him from taking her in his arms and kissing and comforting her as he might have kissed and comforted his own little sister.

"Good-bye, dear little Pat! Don't forget me, and write to me sometimes," he said gently as the moment of parting drew near and he held her for a moment tightly clasped in his arms.

"See—I have brought you something to help to keep my memory green in your heart!"

He placed a gold locket in her hand as he spoke.

"Wear this for my sake, dear—see, I have put my portrait and a bit of my hair inside."

Patricia took the locket listlessly enough; but her face changed as she opened it and saw the kind handsome face which smiled back reassuringly into hers.

There came a sudden rush of tears into her eyes as she raised them to Desmond's face.

"Forget you!" she said, speaking slowly, and with an odd catch in her breath. "I shall never forget you or care for any one but you as long as I live!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Whole Question.

BY BLAKE PAXSON.

WELL, as I was saying when you interrupted me, did you ever feel your importance?

What a soul-stirring feeling it is, and no mistake!

How elevating!

Why, the littlest man so possessed can rub noses with the six-footer almost.

Even in the days of growing pains it takes months and months to add an inch or two to one's height; yet not long ago circumstances thrust importance upon me, and I shot right up several inches.

I will not say whether it is a story with a moral or not, for I mean to give you the full particulars, just like the small bills do, and let you judge for yourself.

For fear that you may grow impatient, and think that I am actually sugar-coating a preface before your very looking eyes, and as you are ready to read, I'll take my pen in hand and let you know, you know; and so, yours truly, Frank Daring.

It was a Monday morning when I received that letter from Aunt Arabella.

She's my mother's young sister, nice and queer, and keeps a school in the country. You ought to know her, that aunt of mine.

Of course, I can't take you all in a body to Glenlop, and introduce you to Aunt Arabella.

If you hold a convention, and appoint a delegate, I'll take him down with me next vacation.

If he doesn't get a dose of harvest-homes, call me a Dutchman.

Oh, but the letter from Aunt Arabel'a! Here it is, see—sixteen pages, fine hand; and look, last page has no margin; every available speck of white groundwork has been utilized; and notice, that's her signature that has floated over something already written.

Don't be alarmed; I am not going to give you the whole letter, but only a sample of it.

"DEAR THOUGH DELINQUENT FRANK,—

"Again do I have recourse to my inky implement.

"This is the third occasion since the reception of your last missive, so, being trebly my epistolary debtor, I anticipate numerous sheets in extenuation of your remissness.

"Were you aware how you annihilate my tranquility by your inky delinquency, you would hasten with alacrity to rescue me from the shoals of anxiety upon which I am thrown on your account; for I cannot contemplate with composure the idea that my sister's offspring is existing so many miles from me in the midst of possible perils.

"Hence my volubleness and my generosity with ink.

"Why do you not relieve me, and tranquillize my mind with reports of your well-being?

* * * * * * *

"I withhold a considerable number of items of interest until I am the recipient of a reply, which will be pleasantly awaited by your loving and much solicitous aunt,

"ARABELLA.

"P. S. By a strange forgetfulness I have omitted the most important matter to mention—namely, your cousin Ben has arrived accompanied by his charmingly sweet young bride.

"Six years have wrought astounding changes in Ben, a declaration in which you will consent when your luminary orbs rest upon him.

"This will be either Saturday, p.m., or Monday, a.m., as I mean to bring him up

When Saturday afternoon came I went out to meet the party, although I had not received any more letters from Aunt Arabella, which was a wonder.

The train arrived, and I posted myself at the wicket-gate, waiting to be pounced upon by my dear young aunt; bounced upon by my big cousin Ben, and greeted by my new cousin.

What a variety of people it takes to make up a train-ful!

What opportunities these railway officials have to become sage philosophers!

Such hourly panoramas of arrivals and departures of men, women, children, and babies!

I could spend hours here taking it all in, if my income was a little larger and did not need my constant attention, and if that fellow in uniform over there wouldn't get into his head that I was seeking whom I may devour.

Just in the middle of my moralizing, one of the new arrivals, a good-looking, well-dressed young lady, with a sentimental cast of features and dainty eyelashes, came quickly up to me, and was about to commit the kind of assault and battery that is never prosecuted for.

She was so glad that I came to meet her, or was it providential, for how did I know?

I tried to say a few words, but I couldn't catch the eye of the speaker.

She was sure that they were on the very train; she would trust in me; I would help her.

She appropriated me so thoroughly that it required a great effort to keep myself from believing that I was not somebody else.

When I assured her that she was altogether mistaken in the person, that my name was Frank Daring, and that I hadn't the pleasure of knowing her, she looked at me with a wild expression, then gradually grew white, and came so near to a faint that I forgot the proprieties, and also forgot all about Aunt Arabella and Cousin Ben and his bride, and began to make myself generally useful by leading her into the ladies' waiting-room; then I got her a glass of water, and by-and-by she began to revive.

But having been balked in one direction, her feelings broke loose in another, and she began to cry.

She did not make a great noise about it, and but few noticed her, for which I was truly thankful, as they might have taken me for her husband.

In a few minutes she grew quiet, and then she began to apologize for her strange conduct.

I learned that I resembled a very dear friend of hers, and in her excitement over a great injury she had taken me for that good-looking person.

She seemed so very sad and low-spirited that as long as I had been drawn thus far into her affairs I concluded to go the rest of the way myself; so I volunteered my services in her cause, whatever its nature.

This proposal of mine was received with as much emotion as if I had said "Wilt thou?"

Her features lit up, and she looked payment in full, with interest added.

And then I heard her story—how it all happened, and what it was all about.

She had been married three months ago to a man that she had met at the seaside last summer.

It was a mutual attraction from the first meeting, and when they married, it had not seemed possible to her that there was another couple anywhere that were so supremely happy.

But ere one short month had fleeted by all was changed.

One of her class-mates came to see her and be introduced to her husband.

She was a pretty little thing of the wax-doll variety, and even if she had believed it possible for anyone to steal her treasure from her, she would never, never have have dreamed that Silboy would be that person.

But the unexpected happened as usual, in spite of apparent impossibilities.

This very day they had eloped, her dear husband and her dear friend.

Nor was even all that her misfortune.

At her marriage she was an heiress to the extent of seventy-five thousand dollars. At her husband's suggestion she had converted to most of her fortune into cash, preparatory to reinvestment in other securities.

All this had vanish with him.

She was a beggar, penniless as well as husbandless.

And here she broke down.

Imagine the situation; an emotional scene between a susceptible young man and a susceptible young—ahem!—lady.

While I was working up to something chivalrous, she seized my arm, and pointed to the door, crying, "There they are now!"

And, sure enough, in the doorway stood a young couple—a tall, bearded fellow, and a slight, delicate creature.

They took a hurried look around the room and withdrew hastily.

"You saw them?" she cried.

"And my valise that he carries has in it nearly fifty thousand dollars.

"Oh, the wretches!

"Let us pursue them, and have them arrested!"

"We will," said I; for by this time I was quite as eager and excited as she.

"But stay here a few minutes while I find out their movements and decide what is best to be done."

I went out quickly, and found them about taking a train-car, and I managed to get near enough to hear the tall follow ask if this car would take him to "Guy's Hotel." I returned at once to the waiting-room, told my *protegee* their destination, and suggested our taking a car, riding directly there, and be twaiting for them when they arrived. She assented gladly, and began to overwhelm me with thanks; but I very properly resisted, assuring her that chivalry was its own reward.

In less than two minutes we were seated in a car on the way to "Guy's Hotel."

What to do when we got there?

How to go about securing the man and the money?

All that was not so clear to me as many things are.

I tried to think it out before arriving at the hotel, but the proximity of the interesting heiress disturbed my reasoning powers, converting my logic into sentiment.

What a blind, blundering fellow that tall eloper must be, to run away from beauty and fortune—for what?

Surely not that indifferent individual who had nothing to recommend her but her air of innocence, and that but a mask! I felt as if he ought to be punished more for his stupidity than for his conduct to his lovely young wife.

But here we are at the hotel.

On alighting from the car I noticed a detective waiting to cross at the corner, a few yards off.

Fortunately, he looked casually in our direction, and I beckoned for him.

We entered the hotel, and then I told him briefly the circumstances, and asked his advice and assistance.

After asking a few questions to get a clearer view of the matter, his advise was to proceed as we had begun—that is, await his arrival, have him arrested, and charge him before a magistrate—nothing easier; and if the man was desperate, why, they would give him the best attention.

He then disappeared for a few minutes and returned with two other officers.

The three stationed themselves near at hand, and then came a lull in the proceedings.

What if the "Guy's Hotel" was but a trick to throw us off the track, and while we were waiting here they were safely hidden in another part of the city—or perhaps not in the city at all?

It was certainly an uncomfortable supposition, and gave my heroic heart a sharp pinch; but before a second one followed the expectant couple arrived.

We let them get fairly inside the room before I gave the unfortunate young wife the signal to proceed.

She was worked up to such a pitch of excitement that it was a wonder that she waited for a signal.

The recreant husband and the treacherous friend must have been the best of natural actors, for, at the sight of our party of five surrounding them, they showed no signs of dismay.

There was a wild look in the eyes of the deserted wife as, coming close to her husband, she burst forth upon him.

I really must say that the astonishment he expressed was very well feigned indeed, but it did not deceive any of us.

The two officers stood left and right of him, and the first officer laid hold of the ten thousand pound valise, that he was carrying in the most nonchalant manner, advising him at the same time to come along quietly.

Of course he began expostulating and denying, and his guilty partner trembled violently, whether with rage or terror I could not say.

As for me, I felt the proudest of persons, to be of such signal service to so estimable a lady.

Contrary to all expectations, our gentleman at the last moment lost control of himself, and began a lively resistance.

In the midst of the scuffle arose a terrific shriek, that made even the old offenders—I mean officers—start and turn.

I had heard just such a scream once or twice before in my life, but I never thought that there was another person capable of producing such an unearthly noise.

And I was so far right, for there stood my Aunt Arabella!

In a moment she rushed upon us, and snatched our prisoner from his astonished captors.

"What!" she screamed; "Frank Daring, would you stand by and see your cousin Ben maltreated so, and never raise a hand in his behalf? I am ashamed of you!"

"What! He, my cousin Ben, this lady's husband, an eloper and embezzler! Is it possible?"

Things were becoming more and more mixed every minute, and how it all would have ended is a mystery to me; but just while we were looking at each other in the most absurd manner, a little old gentleman entered, and looked nervously around.

As he came forward, my much-injured *protegee* ran towards him, crying, "Papa! —papa!"

And throwing her arms around his neck, she burst into tears.

We all stood silent for a minute, when the little gentleman, stepping up quite near to us, said, in a low, nervous manner, "Gentleman, I know in a general way what has been happening. I am sure that any trouble or annoyance that my poor daughter has caused you will be overlooked and fully forgiven when I inform you that she met with a misfortune a few years ago that has affected her reason; and when her paroxysm occurs she imagines that she is an unfortunate wife whose husband has eloped with her friend and her fortune. Gentleman, that is the whole question."

Bric-a-Brac.

THE COUNTRY OF FRIENDSHIP.—In the country of Lubuku, or Friendship, in Africa, where enmity is prohibited, the eccentric savages do not approve of privacy. As in ancient Sparta, the individual lives in public. Doors are scarcely known, and the use of bars and bolts are strictly forbidden. To inhale the intoxicating vapors of hemp is a pleasure invested with the sanctity of a religious rite by this amiable tribe of savages, who indulge in the weed to an extent unknown in the rest of the Dark Continent.

QUEER GEESE TRAPS.—Out it California the ranchmen are much troubled by wild geese and ducks. The ranchmen have tried all manner of traps without much success. Hearing of this a Comstocker has exercised his inventive powers upon the problem and has produced a style of trap that will beat the oldest goose that ever flew. His trap is so arranged that in the snap of the finger a vacuum is formed under the foot of the duck or goose and he is held to the ground by the atmospheric pressure. The bird cannot escape without tearing off its foot.

A HAPPY FAMILY.—James Dugger, living north of Clinton, Ind., is the owner of a cat which has three kittens. Some few days ago he captured a flying squirrel, and took it home, supposing that the cat would eat it. To his surprise, however, the cat took the squirrel and allowed it the same privileges that she did her kittens—that of nursing. A few days later Dugger went out in the woods and shot a raccoon and took three young ones. These he placed in care of the old cat, who at once admitted them to her family, and to-day this remarkable old feline is nestling three kittens, three raccoons, and a flying squirrel.

AN ODD FARMER.—It is related of a farmer who died at Fox Hill, Warren County, N. J., about three years ago, that he used to go out in the woods and cut down a tree, fasten his team to it, and draw it to the house. He would not cut it up, as it took too much time, but would pull the butt-end of the tree in through the door to the large fireplace, and as it burned would pull it still further in, and continue in this way until the log was consumed. His great fear was of being robbed. When his pension money came, he would put it in an air-tight fruit-jar, and sink it in a swill-barrel until such time as he might need it. He cared little for appearance. His buildings presented a very dilapidated appearance. His barn blew over a short time before his death, but he still used it in that condition.

FIXING THE HAIR.—The course of time relieves the world of many fashions, and among other reforms it has shortened the toilet. Trollope describes the practice of dressing the hair a hundred years ago in Milan, and what was the custom in Milan was also the custom in many other communities. The hair of both men and women was dressed in the most elaborate fashion. The use of powder was universal, and the importance attached to success in causing it to fall with the utmost possible lightness on the elaborately arranged hair, and to the perfectly equal distribution of it, was such that no means were thought sufficiently efficacious save imitating the fall of snow from heaven. An apartment was, therefore, provided in well-ordered palaces especially destined and adapted to this operation. The patient entered, covered from head to foot with a large sheet; a floury shower began to fall, and in a few minutes he emerged more than half smothered by the dust-laden atmosphere, but with the exquisite architecture of his curls powdered *a ravir*, and not a hair displaced from its artistically ordained position.

MAKING A CHOICE.—When a man in decent rank of life in India wishes to marry, and can prove that he possesses the means of maintaining a wife, it is customary for him to apply to the mistress of the Byculla school, state his wishes and qualifications, and inquire into the number and character of the marriageable girls. An investigation immediately follows as to his eligibility, and if all promises satisfactorily he is forthwith invited to take tea with the schoolmistress upon an appointed evening, to give him an opportunity of making his selection. The elder girls are then informed of his intended visit, and its purport, and those who desire to enter the matrimonial lists come forward and signify their wish to join the party. Frequently four or five competitors make their appearance on these occasions in the mistress's room. The gentleman, while doing his best to make himself agreeable, yet contrives in the course of the evening to mark his preference for one particular lady. Should these symptoms of budding affection be favorably received, he tenders his proposal in due form the following morning. But it often occurs that the selected lady does not participate in the *inamorata's* sudden flame, in which case she is at perfect liberty to decline the honor of his alliance, and reserve herself for the next tea-party exhibition.

THE ROSE.

BY C. J.

Very close to death he lay,
The keen eyes were waxing dim,
And he heard the whispers say:

"Time grows very short for him;"
And the far-famed healer knew,
No hand that waning light could trim.

There was nothing left to do;
Yet, a want was in his eyes:
Love has instincts quick and true.

One who loved him saw it rise,
That last yearning—forth she went,
Calm in solemn sympathies.

O'er the red rose bed she bent,
The roses that he loved the best,
For their charm of hue and scent.

She chose the fairest from the rest,
Plucked it very tenderly,
Laid it on the sick man's breast.

The deft hand hung uselessly;
The voice would never speak again.
But she read the grateful eyes,

And knew her guess was not in vain;
For a moment satisfied
Was the look; then, slowly, pain,

Baffled longing, human pride,
Thoughts of sweet lost hopeful years,
Blent with power that struggling died,

Mocking doubts, and lurking fears,
In the laboring bosom, woke,
And the sudden rush of tears

As the silent spirit spoke,
Drowning all the pallid face,
In a passionate torrent broke.

There was silence in the place,
Quietly lay the unconscious flower,
And God took him to His Grace,
Our God, who reads the dying hour.

A BLACK VEIL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "LORD LYNNE'S CHOICE," "WEAKER THAN A WOMAN," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—[CONTINUED.]

IT would have been better for you, Laurie, perhaps, if I had remained with the Earl," she said.

After that how could I say another word?

I wondered if I judged my darling harshly.

She was so different from him, and every word of his must have disgusted her.

How detestable in her pure sight all his actions must have been!

Light and darkness could not have been more opposed than were my father and mother.

The days passed quickly, for I was much with my mother, and we talked incessantly of the past.

I do not think she could ever have loved my father, for she never willingly spoke of him.

She had no tender memories of him, except with regard to his generosity in the matter of St. Etheldreda's Church.

One morning she pointed to the old weather-beaten cross, with its clinging ivy and scarlet passion-flowers.

"Laurie," she said "do you know why I value that old cross so highly?"

"No," I answered.

"I brought it with me from Sedgebrook," she said.

"It stood in the old churchyard there, and I purchased it.

"I brought it away with me for love of the dear old place, and keep it here always in sight.

"It is impossible for me to tell you how I love it.

"When I was quite a little child I used to sit at the foot for hours at a time and weave daisy-chains."

And my heart told me that her soul was equally as pure now as as it had been in those days.

One morning I fancied my mother looked pale and weary.

I asked her what was the matter, and she told me she had been troubled in her thoughts.

"I have been wondering, Laurie," she said, "whether I ought to tell my story to the sisters—tell them that you are my daughter."

To tell the truth, since I had found my mother, I had grown a little jealous of the sisters; for was she not not my own?

Yet there were at the very least a hundred others with claims upon her time and attention.

"I don't see why you should, mamma," I said.

"It is no business of theirs."

"We are a community, you know, my dear.

"I am not quite sure whether it is right for me to keep a secret of the kind from the sisters.

"It seems like sailing under false colors," she said anxiously.

"I don't see it," I said.

"Your business is surely your own.

"You have given your fortune—your life itself for the benefit of those around you; I do not think you are called upon to divulge your heart's secret.

"It is not as though you had ever given a false account of yourself.

"You have simply done what you had a perfect right to do—you have kept your own story to yourself."

"I must think it over," she said, "and decide later on."

The very idea of the disclosure made me indignant.

One morning I went to her room to see if she had a few minutes' leisure.

My heart was full of something I wanted to discuss with her.

How her face brightened when she saw me!

"Mamma, I want to speak to you very seriously," I said.

"Can you give me five minutes?"

"Fifty for you, my dear," she said, "if you want them."

I sat down on a small stool close to her feet, and looked up to her with entreating eyes.

"Mamma," I asked, "has finding me made any difference with respect to what you call your vocation?"

She looked just a little troubled, and then answered:

"No, I think not, Laurie."

"I want you to make a sacrifice for me, mamma," I said.

"I told you the story of my will.

"For your sake, so great is the love I bear you, I will revoke it, and the money shall be invested for you and me.

"You shall take your proper position in the world, you shall be treated as the Countess of St. Asaph deserves, and we will live together in some happy home, if you will say the word."

Was it a temptation?

I shall never know.

She was silent for a time, her hand resting caressingly on my head.

"Do you remember, Laurie, what is said of those who put their hands to the plow, and then turn back?

"I must not be one of those.

"Ah, no, my own dear, generous daughter!

"This is my life's work; I must remain here."

"But I would make you very happy, dear mamma.

"You should never know a single want or care.

"Others have had you all these years; you must now be mine.

"I will make you really happy if you will come."

"It cannot be, Laurie!

"It is a pleasant dream, and it will always be a pleasant memory for me that you were willing to bury your pride and independence to please me.

"But Laurie, my dear, it can never be—it must not be."

"Can nothing induce you?" I asked, pleadingly.

"Oh, mamma dear, your life has been so very hard, and I would, indeed, make you happy."

I wept passionate tears, and she kissed them away.

"No, my darling, my loving Laurie, it can never be.

"I must be true to my duty."

"But mamma dear, I, your only child—surely I should be your first care," I urged.

"So you may be," she said; "so you shall be all my life.

"But I can carry out my duty to you here just as well as—nay, even better than if I lived in the world with you."

"Then you decline?

"You will never leave St. Etheldreda's?" I asked.

"No, Laurie.

"This is my sphere of duty.

"I should not be happy elsewhere; my conscience would never be at peace, I know."

"Must I then say good-bye to my dream?" I asked.

"Yes, dear child.

"And now, Laurie, let us talk about you.

"You are very happy here?"

"Yes," I replied.

She looked at me wistfully.

"Has the thought ever entered your head, my dear, that you would like to be a sister?" she asked.

"No, mamma; I should like to live here with you all my life, but I do not feel that I have a vocation."

"Yet you would have been very happy, I think, Laurie."

"No, dearest; I am in no way fitted for a sister.

"I shall be happy with you."

"But there is the future—we must think about your future—"

She stopped abruptly.

Sister Catherine, the portress, stood at the door.

Mother Etheldreda," she said, "a gentleman wishes to see you."

Mother Etheldreda, taking a card from her hand, read aloud:

"The Earl of St. Asaph."

In silence she looked at me; but I had no word to say.

My mother's face grew deathly pale, as she inquired:

"Does the gentleman ask for me, Sister Catherine?"

"He asked to see the Reverend Mother," she replied.

"Say that I will see him in a few minutes, sister."

And then we were alone.

"Laurie!" cried my mother, "is it you, or is it myself, whom he has sought and found?"

"How can I say, mamma," I answered, bewildered.

"The Earl of St. Asaph," she repeated again.

"It is like a dream, Laurie; I cannot believe my eyes.

"If he has traced you, how has he managed it?

"If it be myself, the mystery is even greater."

I could not collect my thoughts; my brain was in a whirl.

"The Earl of St. Asaph," repeated my mother for the third time.

"Oh, Laurie, what are we to do?"

With my senses reeling, my mind a blank, how could I advise?

"It must be you whom he has traced, mamma," I said.

"It cannot be I."

"I do not see how it can be myself," she replied.

"However, I must go."

"Mother!" I cried, in desperation; "do not betray me—do not tell him that I am here.

Remember, however kindly he may speak now, he wished me dead.

"He is, in all probability, married to Lady Maud.

"If it be only you whom he has traced, I pray you not to say one word of me—will you?"

I clung to her in agony.

Recalling that cruel wish, I could not look upon his face again.

"My dearest Laurie," she said gently, "I faithfully promise you one thing.

"I will do what is best for you—trust me implicitly.

"You will wait here for me, my dear," she added.

"I shall not be long."

And then she went away.

I felt that if I remained in the room I should be stifled; and, going out into the garden, I clasped the old weather-beaten cross, with a sensation that without some support I should fall to the ground.

CHAPTER XXIX.

I CANNOT tell how long I had knelt by the weather-beaten cross in the convent garden, when I heard a light footstep on the grass.

"Laurie," whispered my mother, "look up, dear child.

"It is true; he is here.

"And, my darling, it is you he has traced—you, not me.

"He does not know me; and he implores you to see him."

"Never again," I said—"never again. Did he not wish me dead?

"Oh, mamma, how did he find me?

"I though I was quite safe here, hidden with you."

"Laurie," she said "the circumstances are so extraordinary that I must believe them to be providential.

"He found you, as I found you, through that money.

"It appears that the two hundred and fifty dollars I paid to Mrs. Phillips had his name and your initials on it.

"She paid it away to a Mr. Benson, a tea-broker in the City; and from his hands it passed into none other than those of Mr. Norton, who, seeing the Earl's name on it, made inquiries, and found that it came from this convent.

"Naturally he went straight to the Earl; and, without a moment's delay, my dearest Laurie, Lord St. Asaph hastened hither; and he has the note with him.

"He has a note-book, and he showed me where he entered all the notes that he paid you, with their numbers, when he changed a cheque for you; he remembers every detail.

"Oh, Laurie, how he loves you!"

"Loves me, mamma," I cried indignantly, "when he wished me dead!

"He is going to marry Lady Maud.

"How can he love me?"

"I told you from the first that perhaps you had misjudged him," said my mother gravely; "and now I am quite sure of it.

"I do not believe that he ever said so cruel a thing of you, indeed of any one, in his life.

"As for marrying Lady Maud, if ever a man loved with his whole heart, he so loves you."

I wished to believe it, but the old passionate jealousy surged up.

Had I not seen them together, she wearing his flowers, he looking at her like a bridegroom-elect?

I rose defiantly from my seat at the foot of the cross.

"I will not see him, mamma!" I cried. "I know all; you do not; no one can understand but myself.

"It is only for that wretched money that he wants me, and I will not see him."

"Laurie!"

"The grave tone of my sweet mother's voice brought me to my senses.

"Mamma, I beg your pardon; I did not mean to speak rudely to you.

"But I cannot see him.

"If you love me—and I know you do—save me from that; send him away.

"What right has he to come here?"

"But, Laurie," said my mother gently, "he loves you."

"He does not, he cannot; he wished me dead, and I will never forgive him.

"Mamma, pray manage it for me.

"Tell him that it is true I am here, and that I wish to remain here all my life; that I thank him for calling, but that I would rather not see him.

"Oh, mamma, do this for me!"

She bent down and kissed me.

"I will do just as you ask, my darling."

She went away, and my head drooped again; but now my brain was clear, I could think.

Ah, well, now all was at an end!

Of course he would be disgusted when he received my message—would go away, and never seek to see me again.

Well, let him go and marry his love.

Yet I loved him so, and he was so near me!

To look upon his face once more, to hear the sound of his voice, I felt that I would have almost given my life; for nothing could change or lessen my love.

Once more I sank down and buried my face in my hands.

The eleven o'clock bell rang for the children's class; then the bell rang at noon, and the sisters entered the pretty church; a solemn calm pervaded the place.

Still my mother did not come.

I wondered of what she and the Earl could be talking all this time.

So long, so long it seemed to me; for, when once he was gone, life would never be quite the same to me.

It would have been a thousand times better if he had never come.

Now all the old love, passion, and pain were waking in my heart again, waking to new and far more bitter life than of old.

I heard the sound of a door opening and closing.

He was gone, gone for ever; and my mother, of course, was coming back to me.

Then a hand gently touched mine; but surely that was not the light touch of my mother's soft slender hand!

This was warm and strong; and a voice that was like no other voice on earth to me murmured softly—

"Laurie, why did you leave me?"

He was there, and my heart went out to him with a great passionate cry.

But I had left him, and I never meant to look upon him in this world again.

Having buried my love, was I now to be brought face to face with its ghost?

"Laurie, will you neither look at me nor speak to me?" asked the earnest voice.

"I cannot!" I cried.

"Oh, mother, have you betrayed me?"

Then my mother's loving hands stole round me; she drew me aside into the cloisters, motioning to Lance to follow.

"Laurie darling, listen to him," said my mother.

"You were mistaken: he never said those cruel words.

"It was you he loved along—you, and no one else."

"It is true, Laurie.

"Look up, my darling," Lance pleaded.

When at last my courage came back to me, and I looked up, my mother was gone, and my handsome young lover stood there alone.

"Laurie, my darling," he whispered, "now could you leave me?

"How could you believe all those foolish cruel words?

"You must have seen that I loved you with all my heart."

"You loved Lady Maud," I said, my face still hidden; "they all said so.

"Your mother wished her to be your wife."

"But," he interrupted, "in marrying I intend to please myself, not my mother. Oh, Laurie, do not punish me for the sins of others.

"Let me look at those dark beautiful eyes of yours; they have haunted me from the first moment I saw them.

"Do you remember, dear, when I found you under the cedar-tree, crying as though your heart would break?

"Look at me, love.

"You were kinder to me then."

The pain and the fire of jealousy dying away; the music of the voice I loved was beginning to influence me.

I raised my face, and looked at him.

How fair he was, his eyes lit up with love his handsome face eager and anxious!

That look into my love's eyes sealed my fate.

"You were so cool to me," I said.

"After Lady Maud came, you had no eyes, no ears for any one but her."

"Pardon me, Laurie—that is not true.

"Lady Maud was a very old friend, so there could never be any question at all of my falling in love with her.

"I should as soon have thought of falling in love with one of my sisters.

"Could you not see that?

"With her I was quite at my ease, while I was just a little afraid of you."

"Afraid, Lance," I cried—"afraid of me!"

"Yes; you were so reserved, Laurie. The last few weeks before you went away were cruel ones to me.

"I fancied that you must have taken a dislike to me, you were so cold and indifferent.

"There was not one day, not one hour, that I did not long to take you in my arms and ask you to be my wife."

I looked at him in surprise.

"It is impossible!" I cried.

"I could never have been distant or cold you, Lance."

"Ah, but you were!

"Laurie, you see it was a clear case of misunderstanding.

I, loving you, thought you avoided me; you thought I was cool to you, whereas I simply afraid you should think I presumed on the fact that I was your cousin and you were my guest.

"But, irrespective of anything lying between us, how could you leave me as you did?

"It was cruel of you.

"Tell me all about it."

We looked at each other in silence, his face full of inquiry, mine of reproach.

"Answer me one question," I said—"only one.

"Tell me the truth.

"Did you, feeling that I was in your way, express a wish to others that I were dead?"

His handsome face flushed with anger. He raised his head proudly, his eyes flashed with scorn.

"I wonder that you should ask me such a question, Laurie."

"That is no answer.

"Did you or did you not?"

"I did not.

"I am at least a gentleman and a man of feeling;" and his face flushed yet more angrily.

"I will tell you all," I said; and I related to him the conversation between his sisters which I had overheard.

As he listened, his face softened.

"You believed that of me, Laurie—of me, who love you with all my heart—that for the sake of that paltry money I wished you dead?"

"They said——

"I thought that if you had the money you could marry Lady Maud at once."

He laughed an angry scornful laugh that rang through the cloisters.

"And you believed that?

"Because of that wretched story, you ran away; and you insulted me by going to Norton and making that infamous will! It was infamous, Laurie.

"Norton came down to me the same day with it; and from that day to this we have done nothing but seek you.

"Do you think I would touch your money, Laurie?

"Not if I were dying of hunger!

"Great Heaven, how could you so entirely misunderstand me?

"How could you credit me with anything one half so horrible?

"Wish you dead, that I, with your money might marry some one else!

"What a mad idea!

"Why, I have plenty of money of my own!

"I could have married if I had wished without yours; but, if the world were given to me, I would marry no one else but you."

"They said so," was the only reply I could make; "and they did not know that I was there.

"Your sisters must have believed it themselves, or they would not have said so."

"My sisters——"

He stopped abruptly, then went on—"I will not say they have spoken falsely, but they have wilfully distorted some words of mine.

"The only time I remember having mentioned the subject was one morning when the remark was made that if you died unmarried your money would of course return to the St. Asaph family.

"Of course it would," I agreed, "but without an arriere-pensee, I know.

"I am sorry to admit that my sisters did not like you; but I never thought they would so distort simple words.

"I love you so, well, Laurie—however low your opinion of me—that, if you had died, I should not have cared to live.

"I have had but one thought since I first saw you, and it has been to win your love, to ask you to be my wife.

"I should have spoken to you long before, but, out of respect for your father's memory, I decided to wait a year.

"You have been cruel to me, Laurie; but I did not deserve such treatment at your hands.

"Instead of running away in so strange a fashion, why did you not come to me and ask me frankly if I had ever said such a thing?

"I would have sent away every creature in the house rather than that you should have gone.

"Why did you make that horrible will, so insulting to me?"

"You seem to be much more angry with me than fond of me," I said.

He came a little nearer to me then, and the hot flush died from his face.

"Do you not see, Laurie, how cruel you have been to me?"

Oh, cousin, if you could but have dreamed how I loved you all this time!

"Will you not own," he continued, "that you might have been less hasty, less cruel in your judgment?"

"I have all the faults of the St. Asaphs," I replied quickly; "and you should be the last to be hard upon them—the very last."

"I could never be hard upon you, my darling," he said.

"Oh, Laurie, I love you so well!

"Let us forget this miserable past."

He took one of my hands in his, and his eyes seemed to transfix me.

"Do you love me Laurie?

"Tell me—just one little word."

Did I love him?

"I laughed in my own heart at the question.

"Why, I had been willing to die for him! It seemed strange to me that he should not understand my great love.

"Laurie, tell me—each moment is an age to me—do you love me?"

I did not answer him—I could not; but he read my love in my eyes.

He must have read it, for he threw his arms round me and drew me to his breast. He kissed my face, my lips, my hair; he kissed me as though he would never let me go from him in this life again.

All the love and the longing of the past months, all the passion of his heart, were lavished on me in that long embrace.

"Oh, Laurie," he murmured, "I am bewildered by my own happiness!

"I never thought I should win you; and without you life would have been a blank for me."

So little did he dream that I had been willing to die for him!

What a fatal want of perception!

"Do you remember, my darling," he said, "one evening in the forinery?

"You looked so beautiful in the pale dim light that I was very near telling you my secret then."

"I remember it," I replied.

"Do you, my darling?

"Ah, Laurie, that shows that you have thought of me!

"I was almost mad with happiness on that night."

"So was I," I said inadvertently.

I knew what I had done when I saw his face flush with pleasure.

I saw what I had admitted.

"So were you?

"I should never have guessed it.

"Did you really care, even ever so little, for me then?"

He looked so handsome, so imploring, so lovable, that I could not restrain myself from telling him all.

"You loved me, Laurie, and were willing to die for my sake!" he cried in astonishment.

"And now for my sake you are willing to live?"

"As long as it may please Heaven to spare me," I replied.

His hand fell with the old caressing touch on my head, and my heart was filled with a rapture that was as new life to me. The grief, the darkness, the pain had passed; the full light of love was shining on me now.

The arms of my true love were round me again.

I looked up at my lover quickly.

"Oh, Laurie," I cried, "whom do you think I have found?"

He smiled into my eyes.

"My darling," he said, "I knew—I have heard it all; and a sweeter, more perfect woman than your mother does not live. She told me her story when I had told her mine.

"I could never convey to you how highly I think of your mother."

"And is it not marvellous," I said, "that all this should have come about as it has? If I had not brought that roll of banknotes with me, Lance, I should never have found my mother."

"Nor should I," he added, "have ever found you."

And, standing within sight of the weather-beaten cross, he took my hand in his, and we thanked Heaven, for bringing us together.

* * * * * * *

The gentle sisters with whom I had lived so long and so happily were gathered around me—Sister Clare, with her stately beauty; Sister Rose, with her fair young face; Sister Anna, with her pleasant smile: Sister Frances, with kindly words—all of them with good wishes and prayers.

For my fate in life was settled, and I was going away that day.

Everything had been arranged in a manner that pleased my mother and my lover. I had implored so earnestly not to be brought into contact with any of the members of his family that Lance had agreed. He had written to Lady Ullswater, to tell her that he had found Lady Laurie Dundas and was going to marry her; that we should go abroad for some months, and on our return be very pleased to see her.

My mother had kept me with her until the morning of our marriage.

Our secret, it is scarcely necessary to say, was never guessed, although the sisters smiled at my great fondness for Mother Etheldreda.

Just thus much my mother did tell them—that I had quarrelled with my lover, and had run away from home, but that all had been made right, and I was to marry Lord St. Asaph on Tuesday morning.

We were to be married at St. Paul's; he would have it so, because it was there that good Sister Magdalen had found me. He would not hear of any delay over the purchase of a *trousseau*. I was to be married in a simple travelling-dress, and could purchase all that I needed in Paris.

My only trouble was in parting with my mother; that was indeed a severe one to me, one that was present with me all my life.

On the day before my wedding, when Lance came to see me, we both implored her to leave St. Etheldreda's and live with us; but, although the tears coursed down her face, she steadfastly refused.

"Do not say another word," she implored.

"I shall not leave here till death calls me, Lance."

"I shall miss my dear Laurie, and shall often think of you; but this has been my haven of refuge, and is my home for life."

There was nothing more to be said, and we ceased from importuning her.

But to me the parting from my mother was heart-breaking.

As I left the abode of peace the sisters gathered round me, bade me a fond farewell, and wished me happiness.

Sister Magdalen was deeply grieved that I was going.

"You are quite a child of St. Etheldreda's," she said.

And Sister Marie wondered if I should miss her stories.

She assured me that up to the present time I had not heard one-half.

I went into Mother Etheldreda's room to say good-bye to her.

She was very pale, but calm.

"You are going, my Laurie?" she said, bending her dear head over me, while she offered up a prayer for my future happiness.

"You will come and see me sometimes, and write to me."

"We will keep our secret, dear; but we need love each other none the less."

* * * * * * *

How can I tell of my happiness as Lance's wife?

He was so indulgent, so kind, so loving, my life was all sunshine, my sky cloudless.

Then, too, to my delight, he was most munificent to St. Etheldreda's, giving five thousand pounds as an endowment, and sending almost every week presents of various kinds for the sisters, the children, and the sick.

I do not think any name was so venerated in St. Etheldreda's as that of St. Asaph.

When we lived in town, we went there once or twice every week; and to the inmates, I am sure, the sound of our carriage-wheels was always grateful.

My mother, to my mind, seemed to grow more beautiful, more saintlike every day of her life.

Of the renewal of my acquaintance—it was never friendship—with Lady Ullswater and her daughters I have little to say.

When the Marchioness of Ruthlan and myself met, we were civil to each other—that was all.

Some months after my marriage Colonel Trentham returned to his allegiance, and made Gladys happy.

I meet them at times, but there is little love lost between us.

When my little daughter was named Etheldreda, Lady Ullswater was pleased to express her perfect satisfaction.

It was an excellent fashion, she said, that of using old Saxon names.

Lance and I smiled at each other, for she little knew what St. Etheldreda meant to us.

After a time, Lady Ullswater apparently overcame her dislike for me, and, as years rolled on, grew quite attached to my children.

I made a sketch of my sweet mother's face, and my husband intrusted it to one of our first artists, who painted from it a striking picture of a saintly woman whose eyes were raised beseechingly to heaven, and whose white hands rested on an ivy-clad weather-beaten stone cross. Beneath it were the words—"The Romance of a Black Veil."

[THE END.]

At the Tower.

BY JOHN J. M'COY.

WHY they called it "The Tower," would have puzzled an archæologist. For it was not a tower, never had been a tower, and in all probability never had been intended for a tower.

It was a cottage, one storied, straggling and comfortable, with a semi-circular parlor in front, which, topped off with a comical imitation of wooden battlements, was half-covered with waving sprays of woodbine and clinging sheets of ivy.

But The Tower it had always been entitled, and after that lawsuit came up it acquired a sort of celebrity under the old, familiar name.

"Yes," said Miss Isidora Ives, "The Tower is mine still, and I intend to keep it. Everything else they have taken from me, because some logger-headed old ancestor of mine signed his name to a deed 'John B. Robinson' instead of 'John C. Robinson.' As if one letter of the alphabet could make any difference.

"I've no patience with people. The majesty of the law, indeed!

"Pshaw!"

"But if the rest of the property belongs to your cousin Robinson, so does The Tower," suggested Mrs. Milroy.

"I can't help that," said Miss Isidora. "Here I am, and here I mean to stay, law or no law."

Mrs. Milroy opened her weak eyes.

Feeble as kitten herself, she could scarcely comprehend such valiant resolution in another.

"But if they come here with a sheriff, *posse comitatus*, and a writ of *habeas corpus*?" she faltered.

"Then," said Miss Isidora, "they'll have to clear out again.

"Common sense is common sense. The house is mine, and I mean to keep it. I've got new bolts and bars to all the doors, and I keep a kettle of boiling water on the stove night and day, and my friend, Mr. Jeffreys, who is a clerk in a law office, has given me the hint never to let in a man with a bag."

"Why not?" breathlessly questioned Mrs. Milroy.

"Don't you see?" said Miss Isidora, snappishly.

"Because it will be full of law papers, writs, and summonses, and all that sort of thing."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Milroy.

Thus, acting upon the hint, Miss Isidora turned the plumber's man away, and resolutely declined to have anything to say to the book-agent and the tract-distributor.

She considered herself in a state of siege, took her morning's milk into the window with a tin-pail and a chain, communicated with the tradespeople from behind two square inches of doorway, and took everyone she did not know for an enemy.

The Tower was hers, and The Tower she meant to keep.

And Rebecca, her little maid, was stricken with breathless admiration of her mistress' warlike qualities.

"But, of course, ma'am," said she, "nobody can stand against the law."

"I'll see whether they can or not," said Miss Isidora Ives.

"Be sure you keep the kettles well filled Rebecca, and don't let the fires go out, day or night."

And whenever she received through the post a letter with a legal appearance, or an envelope crested with the firm-address of Messrs. Tape & Stringham, her cousin Robinson's lawyers, she invariably poked it between the bars of the grate, and smiled vindictively to see it blaze.

"What are we to do with such a case as this?" said Mr. Tape, when he heard all this.

"Put it in the sheriff's office at once," said Stringham.

"The woman is a trespasser, and has been all her life,"

"No, no, no!" said Mr. Tape, blandly. "She's a woman.

"No harsh measures.

"It is Gideon Robinson's express injunction that all courtesy be shown to the defendant.

"We'll try something else before we proceed to extremities."

And one pleasant October afternoon, when the air was all blue mist, and the setting sun shone as though a medium of opaque gold, the landlord of the "Toplady Arms" came puffing up the hill with a stout, pleasant-faced gentleman, and rang the bell, which echoed like a double chime through the tiny tower.

"Go away!" said Miss Isidora, from the window spying the tops of two hats.

"Oh my, ma'am!" squeaked Rebecca over her shoulder.

"Will I get the gun?"

"I beg pardon, ma'am," said the stranger "but——"

"Go away, I say!" sternly repeated Miss Isidora Ives.

"Rebecca, bring in that kettle! I'll have you to understand that I am not to be trifled with!"

But by this time, mine host of the "Toplady Arms" had simultaneously recovered his breath and his presence of mind.

"Miss Ives," he puffed stertorously, "don't be flustrated. It's only Israel Jenkins."

"Bless the man's heart!" said Miss Isidora, "why didn't he say so before? And what on earth do you want here Jenkins?"

"It's a lodger, Miss Ives," said Jenkins, who had married Miss Isidora's old nurse, and somehow felt himself to be connected with the family.

"A—lodger!" repeated Miss Ives. "This isn't a lodging-house, man alive!"

"Yes'm—I'm quite aware of that said Israel, meekly.

"And where no offence is intended, it's hoped as none will be took.

"But knowing as you was all alone and unprotected——"

"I don't know what you call unprotected," brusequely interrupted Miss Ives. "I've got a loaded gun and a six-gallon kettle of boiling water here, and——"

"And," mildly went on Israel Jenkins, "this 'ere gentleman, a Mr. Marshall, wanted a pleasant lodging in the neighborhood, which meals could be took at the 'Toplady Arms'—though our apartments is all occupied with the gentry as come to fair and shoot, through October and November—and it might be a consolation to you, Miss Ives, to have a gentleman about the premises; and I could particular recommend him as very quiet and decent."

"Good gracious!" said Miss Isidora. "Why don't the man speak up for himself? Is he deaf and dumb?"

"It would be a great kindness, ma'am," said Mr. Marshall, at this direct appeal.

Miss Ives hesitated.

"Well," she said at last, "I don't know that I've any objections. Rebecca, unbolt and unchain the door."

And so the Tower garrison was strengthened by an addition of one.

Of course, Miss Isidora Ives told Mr. Marshall the whole story before he had dwelt twenty-four hours behind the queer little battlements of The Tower.

Mr. Marshall listened quietly.

"Isn't it a clear case of swindling and extortion?" she demanded excitedly with her short curls (parted on one side, like a man's) all rumpled, her cheeks reddened, her plump little fist unconsciously doubled.

"I should think so," said Mr. Marshall.

"Would you submit to it?" she asked.

"No, I wouldn't," said Mr. Marshall.

"And all because my great-grandfather's name was written John B., instead of John C., in the deed," persisted Miss Isidora. "Why, any schoolboy would be ashamed to avail himself of an equivocation like that."

Mr. Marshall proved himself a quiet and peaceable member of the little household.

He liked dogs, and allowed Miss Ives' King Charles spaniel to sleep, undisturbed, amid the papers on his table.

He was partial to birds, and entered at once, into the most friendly alliances with the parrot and the macaw.

He grafted Miss Isidora's orange tree for her, and showed her a new way to train her honeysuckles.

And at the end of four weeks, Miss Isidora put into execution a plan which she had long been forming.

"Mr. Marshall," said she, "it's a great deal of trouble for you to go three times a day tramping down that long hill to the 'Toplady Arms' and back again. You are no longer a stranger to us here. We have learned to respect and trust you. If you choose to take your meals with us here, I shall be quite willing to admit you to my frugal table, as a friend."

Mr. Marshall's countenance changed oddly.

He made a curious sound in his throat, as if he were swallowing something.

"Miss Isidora," said he "I can't!"

"Can't!" repeated the lady.

"Nothing can induce me to eat salt under this roof," said Mr. Marshall, incoherently.

"Bless and save us! is the man mad?" cried Miss Isidora.

"I am, socially speaking, a fraud," said the stranger—"a forgery."

Miss Ives sat down on the sofa in a helpless way, and stared at him.

"But your sweet graciousness and kindness have conquered me," added Mr. Marshall.

"What do you mean?" said Miss Ives.

"Just this," said the stranger. "I am here on false pretences. I am your cousin,

the plaintiff. My name isn't Marshall, but Gideon Marshall Robinson."

"Ma'am," whispered the heartless Rebecca, who had turned absolutely green on hearing the name of the family enemy, "shall I bring the kettle of boiling water?"

"Rebecca," said Miss Ives, "hold your tongue, and go out and feed the young turkeys. I am fully competent to manage this matter myself."

And Rebecca, feeling herself put down, departed.

"I came here," went on Mr. Robinson, "to look into the facts of the case for myself. I have heard of your prejudice against me——"

"Yes; I should think so," interposed Miss Ives.

"And I do not blame you for them," said Mr. Robinson. "Now that I am personally acquainted with you, Miss Ives, nothing could induce me to prosecute this——"

"Iniquitous claim!" interposed Isidora.

"Iniquitous claim!" seconded Mr. Robinson, with a repetition of the swallowing sound. "Just what you please to call it. I respect you as a lady, I appreciate you as a relative! but of course knowing who I am, you cannot tolerate me longer as your friend, I will pack my bag and depart at once. I can only feel regretful that I have deceived you so long, I feel myself to be a hypocrite and a swindler!"

He waited meekly to receive the full tide of Miss Isidora's curbed wrath.

She put out her plump little hand, with four dimples in the four joints.

"Don't go," said Miss Isidora, in a low voice.

"What!" cried the incredulous plaintiff.

"There's no reason why we shouldn't be friends," said Miss Ives, in her odd, brusque way. "Things seem so very different, now that we are acquainted with each other. Couldn't we—compromise?"

"Isidora," said Mr. Robinson, "we're cousins, you know, twice removed. I may call you Isidora?"

"Oh, certainly!" said Miss Ives.

"We are the last two seeming heirs."

"Plaintiff and defendant," nodded Isidora.

"Exactly so. Now it has just occured to me—I mean, I've been thinking of it for some time—that if we were to unite our claims——"

"To get married, do you mean?" said Isidora, bluntly.

"Yes, precisely. It would put an end to all litigation," pleaded Marshall Robinson.

"So it would," observed Miss Isidora thoughtfully.

"Would you be willing to marry me?" said Mr. Gideon Marshall Robinson.

"Ye-yes!" said Isidora. "I think I should. I'm not young; but then six and thirty is not absolutely old."

"You are a rose in full bloom," said Mr. Robinson, enthusiastically, "and I myself am not a mere boy, it must be remembered."

"And if people should laugh at us?"

"Why we'll let 'em laugh," said Isidora.

"And we'll laugh too," said the middle-aged lover, cheerfully.

The fire was allowed to go down, the kettle-cover taken off, the charges drawn from the gun, and "The Tower" pronounced to be no longer in a state of siege.

And this was the way in which the famous case of Robinson v. Ives, which had promised to swell the fees of lawyers innumerable for the next ten years, was removed from the court records.

And no one was sorry, except the legal gentlemen aforesaid.

A WOMAN'S SIN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BARBARA GRAHAM," "ALMOST SACRIFICED," "MABEL MAY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IV.—[CONTINUED]

"NOT ungrateful, Maggie; don't say that," she whispered eagerly.

"I haven't thanked you yet or said anything because, because my heart is too full just yet, and I never can talk about the things I feel most deeply—but not ungrateful.

Ah, never think that, darling!" the girl cried innocently.

There were answering tears in Maggie's eyes as she returned the caress, but she could not speak.

Mrs. Treherne's tearful words of gratitude; the Squire's long kiss as he took her in his arms and thanked her for giving him his darling back again, had tried her self-control terribly, and she felt that a very little more would cause her to break down altogether.

Would they remember it all afterwards?

In the dark days that were drawing near, when she had left them and gone into the outer darkness, would those words of gratitude come back to them and plead for her? she wondered.

She was so silent, and her face looked so strangely sad and pale in the firelight, that Mollie felt half alarmed, half curious.

"What is the matter, dear?

"Have you a headache?" she asked.

"You are very quiet."

Margaret roused herself with an effort and smiled back into the anxious face.

"I am not a very lively companion, am I, dear?

"Never mind; you ought to be quiet; and, if you are very good, I will send Mr. Bernhart up to see you by-and-by," she said lightly.

"He won't be here to-night; it is his turn to be at the school," Mollie answered, trying, not very successfully, to hide the color which flushed her pale cheeks.

"I fancy he will be here, for all that;" and Margaret smiled rather significantly. "Now you are not to talk any more, Mollie, just now.

"Go to sleep."

"Just one thing, Maggie;" and Mollie caught hold of Margaret's arm as she rose from her chair.

"Did—was it Mr. Bernhart who carried me into the cottage this afternoon?"

"Of course!

"Why?"

"I fancied I heard his voice, that was all."

The pink flushed deepened on Mollie's face, and she turned her head away with a very happy smile on her face.

Margaret stood and looked at her for a moment in silence, then walked to the window and remained gazing out into the garden, where the moonlight was streaming over the trees with a steady radiance.

She had left directions with the people at London lodgings to forward any letters which might come, either for her or Daisy, to Aldrum, addressed to Mrs. Herbert Treherne, and she had received two that morning—one from an old schoolfellow, the other from Ernest Everhill.

Margaret had read the latter hastily through while dressing for dinner; but she had not had time to think the contents over, and it seemed to her that her thoughts would flow more freely, and her head be clearer, outside in the moonlight and the fresh sea wind.

"My head does ache a little, Mollie.

"I think I will go outside for a little while.

"It is such a fine night," she said hurriedly.

"All right;" and Mollie looked up with sleepy eyes.

"Don't be long."

Throwing a light shawl over her head, Margaret walked quickly across the garden and the sand-hills till she reached the sea.

The waves were breaking softly with a low murmur on the shingly beach, and the sea looked like a silver lake in the moonlight.

The perfect tranquility and solitude—for there was not a creature, not even a seagull or peewit to be seen—could not fail to bring a certain rest and tranquility to Margaret's troubled mind.

She had always been fond of lonely walks.

Daisy had often been scandalised in the old days by her long lonely tramps over the moors.

Margaret never felt less lonely than when alone with nature, listening to the thousand voices by which the Divine Teacher speaks to all who have ears to hear and hearts to understand.

And now, as she stood on the beach and watched the tranquil sea, and listened to its low murmur, a faint sense of rest and calm came over her and seemed to whisper of that eternal rest and calm which must surely be here some day.

She was so absorbed in her own thoughts that she did not hear the footsteps which by-and-by crossed the shingle from the sand-banks, or notice the Vicar's tall figure approaching, and she looked up with a start of surprise as he stood by her side.

"Mr. Bernhart!

"I never saw you?

"Have you been here long?" she said confusedly.

"Only a minute, and you were too absorbed in your thoughts to notice me," Bernhart answered.

"Not very pleasant thoughts either, if I may judge by the expression of your face."

Margaret colored vividly.

"All of us have our dark moods at times, I suppose," she said hastily.

"How did you know I was here?"

"Mollie sent me.

"She said you were in the garden; and, when I could not find you there, I remembered your fancy for the beach, and came to look for you here.

"Won't you get cold?

"The breeze is chilly, and you have only a thin shawl."

"No, I am all right.

"I am used to taking care of myself," Margaret answered abruptly. "Have you seen Mollie?"

"Yes, just for a moment; then she sent me to look for you."

"She is quite well again, I think.

"It was only the shock," Margaret said quietly.

"Yes, thank Heaven; but it was a very near shave!"—and Bernhart shuddered. "Her head was within half an inch of the wheel."

"Very near!" Margaret assented gravely.

"They often say, you know," the Vicar went on in an agitated voice, "that women have far more real courage and self-possession than men.

"I never believed it before; but I do now.

"When I think how I stood so paralyzed with the horror of the moment as to be unable to move, while you——"

"He caught Margaret's hand and pressed it to his his lips with a sudden passion startling in one generally so calm and self-contained.

"How can I—how can any of us thank you, Mrs. Treherne?" he cried.

"Good Heaven, if it had not been for you, what a house of mourning we should have had to-night!"

Margaret glanced up quickly.

The moonlight was falling upon her face.

Very pale and sad, but wonderfully sweet she looked in the faint light.

"Mr. Bernhart," she said quietly, "some day I may ask you to remember these words—some day when you have cause to think of me, not as you think of me now. I will ask you to look back and remember this night."

"I will remember it till the last day of my life," Bernhart cried.

"I will think of it and of you with never-ceasing gratitude."

"Will you?"—and Margaret smiled sadly.

"Her shawl had fallen from her head, and was hanging from her shoulders, and she drew it back with a little shiver.

"It is cold.

"I think I will go in now," she said quietly.

"Mollie will wonder what has become of us."

"One moment;" and Mr. Bernhart put his hand gently on her arm and looked searchingly into her face.

"I have sometimes thought—forgive me if your mind.

"Can't you tell it to me?

"We persons are like doctors, you know; we have all kinds of secrets entrusted to us, and, whatever it is, it will be safe with me."

"I?

"What made you fancy that?" Margaret said hastily.

"Yours is not the face of a happy woman," the Vicar answered.

"Can't I help you?

"Is Bertie——"

"Bertie is everything that is good and kind," Margaret interrupted hurriedly.

"He has nothing to do with it."

"She paused a moment, and her voice grew gradually steady and calm—but, oh, so hopeless! the Vicar thought—as she went on.

"No one can help me.

"I have chosen my own path, and I must walk it alone and unaided.

"Now"—with a resolute gesture she turned away from the sea—"let us go in."

They walked back across the sands and through the garden almost in silence.

Margaret threw off her shawl in the hall, and looked furtively at herself in the long mirror as she passed.

The fresh sea wind had sent a faint flush of color into her face and blown her hair over her forehead.

As she stood smoothing back the scattered tresses, she could hear through the half-opened door of the drawing-room Mollie's sweet voice and the Squire's deeper tones.

"Where is she?

"I do wish she would come.

"I am so anxious to know what she thinks of them," Mollie was saying "Oh, here is Mr. Bernhart"—as the Vicar entered the room.

"What have you done with Margaret? Isn't she coming?"

"Presently; don't be so impatient," Bernhart answered.

"She is taking off her shawl in the hall."

"Papa, dear, do tell her to be quick.

"Don't tell her why, you know; only bring her in."

The Squire obediently left his seat and went to the door and looked down the long corridor.

Margaret was still standing under the lamp which hung from the centre of the ceiling; but she advanced a few steps when she saw the Squire.

"I am coming.

"What is the hurry?" she said, with a forced smile.

"Has anything very important happened?"

"Mollie thinks so;" and the Squire laughed.

"Come and see."

Margaret followed him into the drawing-room.

Mrs. Treherne was sitting by the fire, placidly nodding over her knitting, with her favorite cat on her knee, and Mr. Bernhart and Mollie were standing by a table on which stood a square morocco box.

Mollie looked a little excited.

There was a pink flush on her face and her eyes were sparkling with impatience. She sprang forward as Margaret entered, caught her arm and drew her nearer the table.

"Oh, you provoking thing!

"What a time you have been!

"Something has happened—something you are awfully anxious about.

"Guess what it is!"

There was a large stand in the window filled with hyacinths and narcissus, and their sweet fragrance seemed all at once unbearably faint and overpowering to Margaret.

"How close the room feels!

"What is it, Mollie?" she said languidly.

"Oh, I can't guess!"

"Very well then"—and Mollie looked up with a merry smile—"shut your eyes and open your mouth and see what Providence has sent you, as we used to say in the days of my youth.

"Wait a moment now!

"Are your eyes shut?

"You must not open them till I tell you, on any consideration."

"Make haste then," Margaret said, with a resigned sigh.

"I don't want to look like a fool any longer than is absolutely necessary."

"One—two—three!

"Now open and behold!" Mollie cried triumphantly, as Margaret opened her eyes slowly.

"Prepare to be dazzled, for Lady Hilda's diamonds have arrived!"

There they lay on the table in their velvet cases, sparkling and glittering with an almost dazzling radiance—the diamonds which for the last week had occupied Margaret's thoughts by day and dreams by night.

Her face turned very pale and her hand trembled as she bent over the table and looked into their flashing depths; but she did not speak just at first, and Mollie, always impetuous and excitable, grew impatient at the long silence.

She had expected exclamations of admiration and astonishment, and this silence and the odd look on Margaret's face surprised and puzzled her.

"Why, Maggie, don't you like them? Are you disappointed?" she asked in a changed voice.

Margaret looked up quickly.

"Disappointed!

"How is it possible?

"I never saw anything—I never imagined anything one half so beautiful!" she exclaimed.

Mollie looked relieved and pleased.

"I am so glad!

"Try them on," she said.

"No."

Margaret shrank back with an odd terrified look on her face that startled Bernhart.

He was leaning against the mantelpiece, watching the girls with thoughtful eyes. How different was the expression of the two faces I be thought.

The one so interested and eager, so full innocent pleasure and excitement, the other——

What was it he read there?

He could not define the look which flashed across Margaret's face as she bent over the jewels; but it puzzled and troubled him vaguely.

It had passed almost as he gazed, and Margaret looked up with a flushed face and an unwonted brightness in her eyes.

"Very well, Mollie.

"Try them on."

With eager hands Mollie clasped the necklace round Margaret's neck, the bracelets round her arms, and put the ear-rings—each one composed of one large diamond set round with small opals—in her ears.

"There you are!

"Solomon in all his glory was not to be compared with you!"

Mollie cried, stepping back and gazing at her handiwork with admiring eyes.

"I can't find room for the locket.

"Stay, I will fasten the brooch in your dress.

"Now go to the glass and admire yourself."

"She will create a sensation out in Canada, eh, Mollie?" said the Squire good-humoredly.

Margaret walked across the room and stood before the mirror gazing intently at herself.

The glass reflected a tall figure in a black velvet gown, with a flushed face and bright disdainful eyes.

The diamonds glowed with increased splendor against their dark background, and gleamed against the coils of dark hair.

Margaret gazed at herself steadily for an instant.

"They suit my style of beauty very well, don't they?" she said, with a little hard laugh.

"I want something to light me up.

"There"—with a sudden change of tone—"take them off, Mollie; I don't feel like myself, decked out in such grandeur."

She unfastened the bracelets as she spoke, placed them carefully in the case, and stood looking at them with a thoughtful face.

"I suppose these are worth a great deal, Mr. Treherne," she said quietly.

"How much?"

"Oh, I don't know.

"The bracelets are worth about fifteen hundred dollars at least, and the locket—well, I hardly know.

"The diamonds are very fine," Mr. Treherne said doubtfully.

"About a thousand, I suppose."

"All that money!"—and Margaret looked at the jewels with a strange smile on her face.

"All that money locked away in a box, of marble two feet square in your room for—how long did you say?

"Twenty years?

"And to think of the poor souls who have toiled and struggled and worn their lives away in that time, whom one of these stones"—and she touched the diamonds with her finger—"would have saved from ruin, perhaps from death!

"To me it seems almost wicked to wear them."

"Well, my dear"—and the Squire looked at her with a rather puzzled expression on his good-humored face—"you can do as you like with them now.

"Break them up or sell them and use the money for anything you like.

"They are yours now absolutely."

"I wish I could!"—there was a ring of suppressed passion in the girl's voice that touched the hearts of all there.

"There"—and she pushed the glittering trinkets aside and turned away—"lock them up, please, Mr. Treherne."

* * * * * * *

"Read that," Margaret said the next morning, putting a letter into Mollie's hand as she sat perched on the low window seat, with the sun shining on her bright rough head, her pretty blue gown, and the bunch of primroses in her breast.

Spring had really come back at last.

The primroses were shining like pale golden stars in every sheltered corner of the glen; and blue and white violets filled the air with their sweet fragrance.

Mollie in her fresh young beauty might have passed for a picture of Spring, Margaret thought.

Mollie made a little grimace as she read the letter.

It was one which Margaret had received the day before, and was written by an old schoolfellow, reminding her of a promise to be present at her coming-of-age party.

"What a nuisance!

"Do you want to go, Maggie?

"I suppose you must, though, as you promised.

"What a stupid girl to want you just now!"

"Yes, I must go," Margaret answered quietly.

"The guilty color flushed her cheeks, and she did not look at Mollie as she spoke. "And I would rather go now, Mollie, before——"

She paused, and Mollie finished the sentence.

"Before Bertie comes, I suppose.

"Well perhaps it would be better, if you must go; but you won't stay long, will you, Maggie?

"You will come back as soon as possible after the party?"

"Yes; if you care to have me."

How oddly Maggie said the words! Mollie laughed.

"You will be as welcome as flowers in May, my child."

"What are you going to wear at the party?"

"I scarcely know yet. I have not thought about it," Maggie answered.

"Will it be a grand affair?"

"I suppose so, as it is her coming-of-age party."

"Let me see, if I were you I should wear that white silk."

"You would look awfully jolly in that and your gold—why, no," Mollie broke off, with a merry laugh, "you must wear the diamonds of course."

"What a swell you will be! Of course you must wear the diamonds."

Margaret rose from her seat and turned away.

Her heart was beating fast and furiously, and she dared not meet Mollie's innocent eyes.

She stood with her back to the window, turning over some music which lay scattered on the piano.

"Perhaps Mr. Treherne might not like it, Mollie," she said.

"Why not? He won't mind a bit."

"Do wear them, Maggie."

"I should if I were you."

"Not the necklace then. That would be too grand; the locket and one of the bracelets if you like," Margaret answered hurridly.

"Very well. When is the party to take place?"

"To-morrow."

"To-morrow!"—and Mollie looked up in some surprise.

"Then you are going to-day?"

"I must if I go at all."

"There is a train leaves here about six. I shall get to Newcastle about eleven."

"What a nuisance! Well, the sooner you go, the sooner you will get back, I suppose," said Mollie philosophically.

"Does mamma know?"

"Yes; I told her this morning."

"And the *pater?* By the way you must get your diamonds before he goes out. He might not be back in time. Shall I ask him?"

"If you please," Margaret said, and Mollie ran hastily out of the room.

With her head throbbing, and her heart beating with excitement, Margaret stood waiting by the piano.

Everything so far had gone on so smoothly, that she felt as if any hitch now would be unbearable.

Yet what more likely than that the Squire might object to trust her with the diamonds? The suspense grew almost intolerable after a while.

In a few minutes, which had seemed like hours to Margaret, the door opened, and Mollie entered with a small box in her hand.

Margaret bit her lip resolutely, and turned to know her fate.

She was standing with her back to the window, and, as her face was in the shadow, Mollie did not notice her changing color or the anxious look that grew more and more intense each moment.

"Here are your bracelets and the locket; see, I have given you this box to keep them in; papa says you are to be very careful no one steals them from you," she said in her sweet ringing voice.

"Now what are we going to do this morning? It is much too fine to remain indoors."

"Shall we have a row? I want to get some sea-anemones, and I dare say we might have a chance of finding some on the big rock this morning. What do you say?"

"If you like," Margaret answered absently.

She took the jewel-case in her hand when she reached her own room, and looked at the glittering ornaments with unbelieving eyes, before she locked them carefully in the box which stood already packed in her room.

Here at last. But at what a price!

At the price of her honor, her truth, all the virtues on which she had most prided herself.

CHAPTER V.

"I AM very much surprised you don't hear from Bertie," said the Vicar one afternoon, as Mollie and he were returning from a walk across the cliffs.

A week had elapsed since Margaret's departure.

She had written once, a short hurried note to tell of her safe arrival in Newcastle, but she had not asked Mollie to answer, or enclosed any address, and Mollie, who missed her friend more and more each day, was beginning to feel a little aggrieved at her silence.

"Bertie? If you knew him as well as I do, you wouldn't be a bit surprised," she answered calmly."

"I suppose Margaret has heard from him, though she did not say so in her letter. Bertie and I are alike in that respect."

"We never write letters except on very solemn occasions. Do you know I am going to make a confession, Mr. Bernhart?" Mollie said presently, with comical solemnity.

"I find I have been mistaken in you all along. I never knew, till last Sunday, what a wonderful genius you are, and how utterly incapable we are down in this benighted region of appreciating your talents!"

"Ah, Holmes has been drawing on his imagination, I suppose!" said Bernhart calmly.

"I don't know about that; he does not look a very imaginative person," Mollie answered, with a little grimace."

"But he told me all about you—how clever you were, and how much they all thought of you at Oxford, and how eagerly people read the articles you write in the reviews; and I thought—oh, I thought," cried Mollie, with a little quiver in her sweet voice, "what a little idiot I must have seemed to you over and over again!"

"Good gracious! Why?" cried Mr. Bernhart, in unmistakable surprise.

"Why? Need you ask?"

"Haven't I criticised your sermons, and fault with your reading, and generally made a fool of myself?" Mollie answered impatiently.

"I don't think it was kind of you, Mr. Bernhart!"

"You ought to have told me."

"You ought not to have gone on laughing at me all the time."

Mollie turned her head away as she spoke; there were tears of wounded pride and affection in her eyes, but she would rather have died—so she told herself—than allow them to fall.

"Why, my dear little girl"—and the Vicar patted her shoulder caressingly, with a very disturbed expression on his face—"what a goose you are! I laugh at you?"

"Why, do you know, I believe you are the only person for whose opinion I care a straw!"

"No, I am not laughing. It is quite true."

He pulled his mustache as he spoke, with a comical look on his face as if the fact both amused and surprised him. As he said, it was quite true.

He could read the most scathing criticisms on his writings, preach before an intellectual, critical congregation with unmoved placidity, and he had been much surprised and altogether pleased to find lately how deeply a mocking glance from Mollie's bright eyes or a sarcastic speech from her ready tongue could wound his vanity.

It was a lovely April day; the blue sky was dappled with fleecy clouds, and a light wind blew softly over the moor.

It was one of the days which Mollie was wont to declare made her "feel alive," but she did not look very bright that afternoon.

She had hoped for a letter from Margaret that morning, and, when the postman came and went without bringing it, Mollie felt a little aggrieved and injured. She laughed rather contemptuously at Mr. Bernhart's speech.

"You care for what I think? Do you think I am silly enough to believe that?" she said.

"Why should you care?"

Bernhart looked down at the flushed face thoughtfully.

"I—don't know why," he said meditatively, "unless it is—because I love you so well, Mollie."

Mollie looked up in surprise.

The Vicar was walking by her side erect and soldierly, looking straight before him with bright meditative eyes.

As she looked up their eyes met for a moment, and Mollie colored vividly, then laughed outright.

"Oh, I don't think that can be the reason!" she said composedly.

"Indeed, I am sure it is not. Look at papa, he is awfully fond of me—oh, fifty times fonder than any one else can be!—and he doesn't care a bit what I think; but he thinks the world of you! Oh, don't think that has anything to do with it!"

And Mollie looked up with mischievous eyes into his face.

Something she read there, something she could not quite understand, yet which filled her with a strange pleasure, checked her ready tongue, and sent the color flying to her cheeks.

A strange dread of what he might say next came over her, and yet she scarcely knew whether to be glad or sorry when the doctor joined them at the entrance to the village and walked with them to the gate leading into the Hall gardens.

Mollie said good-bye and ran up the narrow path, feeling wonderfully shy and happy and restless.

"I shall see you to-night," Bernhart had said, as he opened the gate; and Mollie went into the house through the conservatory, and chose with unusual care a cluster of flowers for her dress, and thought how well the white waxy blossoms would suit her bright hair and the greenish-blue dress which Mr. Bernhart admired so much, and which she resolved to wear that night.

She was in the dressing room when she heard the Vicar's well-known knock at the hall-door, and she hesitated before the glass and looked searchingly at herself, with an anxiety concerning her personal appearance very unusual to Mollie; but her father's voice calling at the bottom of the staircase startled her, and she ran down stairs and entered the drawing-room, feeling very shy and conscious.

Stephen Bernhart, who was leaning against the mantelpiece with a cup of coffee in his hand and talking to Mrs. Treherne, looked up with a nod and smile when the door opened; and at that pleasant, careless greeting all Mollie's shyness vanished.

"What is the matter? You all look very excited," she said, looking from one to the other.

"Has anything very pleasant happened?"

"Something that you think very pleasant is going to happen," the Squire answered.

"Bertie and his wife are coming to-night?"

"To-night!"—and Mollie jumped up from her chair, spilling some of her coffee over her dress.

"How delightful! That was the reason why Margaret did not write, I suppose!"

"She wished to give us a pleasant surprise. How do you know?"

"I had a telegram from Bertie. They will be here at nine."

"And it is nine now, so you will not have long to wait," Bernhart said, wiping the stain from Mollie's dress with his handkerchief."

"See, you impetuous child, how you have spoiled your pretty gown, and I always admired it so much."

"I thought you never noticed ladies' dresses," Mollie returned demurely.

"I am sure I heard you say so the other night."

"Only yours—I like you best in those soft neutral shades," Bernhart whispered tenderly.

"That was the reason why I put it on to-night," Mollie answered; and though the Vicar did not speak, his eyes thanked her eloquently enough.

"Here they come!"

The Squire, who had been fussing in and out of the room for the last five minutes, rushed through the hall and threw open the door.

Mrs. Treherne, throwing a woolen shawl round her shoulders, followed them out of the room; but Mollie, much to the Vicar's surprise, lingered behind.

"Why Mollie, surely you are not going to be the last to welcome Bertie," he exclaimed.

Mollie looked up with a strange scared expression in her eyes.

"Do you know I feel half afraid," she said, with a nervous laugh.

"Hush! Listen I am sure that was not Margaret's voice!"

"You fanciful child! Come and satisfy yourself;" and the Vicar put his hand on her arm, and drew her out of the room.

The hall was lighted by one large lamp which hung in the centre of the ceiling, and under this lamp Mrs. Treherne was standing waiting to welcome her son.

As Mollie and Bernhart reached the end of the corridor which led into the hall, the carriage drove up to the door.

Bertie sprung out, and came quickly up the steps, leading by the hand a dark figure, which even in the half light looked scarcely like Margaret, and the Squire who had advanced eagerly with outstretched hand, drew back with dismay and surprise on his pleasant face.

"Here we are at last! Where is my mother?" Bertie's cheerful voice called out as he shook his father's hand warmly. "And here is Daisy."

No one moved or spoke for a moment.

Mrs. Treherne's placid face looked shaken for once out of its customary calmness, and Mollie's fingers closed tightly round the Vicar's arm, but there was silence; and Bertie surprised and offended at this strange greeting, drew his wife's hand within his arm and looked from one to the other in astonishment.

It was a very trying reception for the little bride, and Bernhart at least felt heartily sorry as he noticed the half-offended, half-frightened look which she cast around.

"Come away, Bertie," he heard her whisper to her husband."

"I knew they did not want us."

"I told you so!"

"Come away, we can do without them," the little passionate creature cried, drawing Bertie nearer the door, and casting defiant glances at poor Mrs. Treherne.

Bertie felt perfectly lost and bewildered.

The letters from home had been so pleasant and cordial and had promised such a hearty welcome to his wife, that he could not but feel this strange greeting was an insult to them both.

He threw back his head proudly as he looked at the Squire.

"What does this mean, sir? Have you no welcome for my wife?" he said haughtily.

The Squire started at the words.

"Certainly, my dear boy—certainly, the heartiest welcome; only——" He looked helplessly at Mollie, who was generally his sheet-anchor in times of trouble; but for once she was quite unable to render him any assistance, and the Vicar came forward to the rescue.

"Only we are a little surprised, Bertie," he said quietly; "but we will tell you all about it presently."

"Come into the drawing-room."

"I am sure, Mrs.——" He hesitated a moment."

"Your wife must want some refreshment."

"Only some tea; we dined on the way," Bertie answered, a little reassured by the Vicar's quiet manner.

"Well, come in, Mollie;" and Bernhart gave her hand a little reassuring squeeze."

"Aren't you going to speak to your new sister?"

[TO BE CONTINUED]

Scientific and Useful.

ELECTRIC WIRES.—It should always be carefully borne in mind that in bare wires, out of doors, erected for the purpose of conveying electricity, there is always more or less danger to person or property.

TIN-WARE.—When tinned iron serves for containing alimentary matters, it is essential it should have no lead in the tin. The lead is rapidly oxydized on the surface, and is dissolved in this manner in the neutral acids of the contents of the vessel.

RUSTY BOLTS.—To remove bolts that are rusted without breaking them, the most effectual remedy known is the liberal application of petroleum. Care must be taken that the rusted parts are reached by it, and some time must be allowed to give it a chance to soften the layer of the rust before any attempts are made to remove the bolt.

A NEW METAL.—A California paper states that a year or more since a gate-post that had been painted with so-called zinc white, was noticed to appear black all day, gray in the twilight, and white during the night. On an investigation of this singular property of the paint the cause was shown to exist in a new metal, which has been named actinium, on account of the peculiar actinic effects. It is found in zinc ores, and resembles zinc.

INVISIBLE INK.—A new invisible ink has been introduced. It is made by intimately mixing linseed oil, one part; water of ammonia, twenty parts; and water, one hundred parts. The mixture must be agitated each time the pen is dipped into it, as a little of the oil may separate and float on the surface, from which if taken up by the pen a stain would be left on the paper. To make the writing appear, all you do is to dip the manuscript in water; when the paper dries the writing will vanish.

GINGER BEER.—1. Put two gallons of cold water into a pot upon the fire; add to it two ounces of good ginger bruised, and two pounds of either brown or white sugar. Let all this come to the boil, and continue boiling for about an hour. Then skim the liquor and pour it into a jar or tub along with one sliced lemon and half an ounce of cream of tartar. When nearly cold, put in a teacupful of yeast to cause the liquor to work. The beer is now made, and after it has worked two days, strain it and bottle it for use. Tie the cork down firmly. 2. White sugar, twenty pounds; lemon or lime-juice, eighteen (fluid) ounces; honey, one pound; bruised ginger, twenty-two ounces; water, eighteen gallons. Boil the ginger in three gallons of water for half an hour, then add the sugar, the juice, and the honey, with the remainder of the water, and strain through a cloth. When cold, add the white of one egg, and half an ounce (fluid) essence of lemon; after standing four days, bottle. This yields a very superior beverage, and one which will keep for many months. 3. The common drink sold as ginger-pop, is made with molasses, three-quarters of a pound to a gallon of water, the ginger ground, and with much less acid.

Farm and Garden.

FLOWERS IN POTATOES.—A good way to preserve flowers in bloom for long carriage, or in baskets or vases which will not hold water, is to stick the stems into holes bored in raw potatoes. There is moisture enough in a large potato to support a flower for a long time in a cool place. The potatoes can easily be hidden by moss or leaves.

ROOM PLANTS.—The more freely a plant is growing the more water it will require, and the more it grows the more light and sun will it need. In all cases those plants which grow the fastest should be placed nearest the light. The best aspect for room plants is in the southeast. They seem like animals in their affection for the morning sun. The first morning ray is worth a dozen in the evening.

LIMBS.—Says an agricultural correspondent: The direction to "saw off a limb as closely as possible to the stem," I consider unwise. Nature indicates precisely where every limb should be removed. On every limb, close to the body of the tree, can be seen a collar or ring. Just outside of this collar is the place to cut off the limb. If cut at a distance from this point, the limb will die down to it, and in time will slough off. If cut inside of it and close to the tree there is danger of a decayed spot resulting in time, and a long time will elapse before the wound will heal. If a limb is cut at the point I have indicated, and at the proper time, which is when the sap is descending to form a new layer of wood, the wound, unless a large one, will heal over the first year.

FOOD FOR THE FAT.—There is little complaint among agricultural people of being too fat, but should a corpulent person desire to reduce their size the following from the *Medical Journal* may help them: There are three classes of food—the oils, sweets, and starches, the special office of which is to support the animal heat and produce fat, having little or no influence in promoting strength of muscle or endurance. If the fat, therefore, would use less fat and more of lean meats, fish and fowl, less of fine flour, and more of the whole product of the grains—except the hulls—less of the sweets, particularly in warm weather, and more of the fruit acids in a mild form—as in apple; sleep less, be less indolent, and labor more in the open air, the fat would disappear to a certain extent at least, with no loss of real health.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

SIXTY-SECOND YEAR.

SATURDAY EVENING, JUNE 22, 1892.

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THE VALUE OF MONEY.

It is an extremely good thing for boys to learn the value of money. No matter how rich his father, a boy would be a better man for learning to keep money and put it to good use. Self-denial is better than self-indulgence, and inability to keep money in boyhood augurs badly for the prudence of manhood.

The borrowing of money—of course outside business where legal forms are observed and security is supposed to be given—is to be avoided; and a right-spirited person will make many an effort and sacrifice before doing it. It is a frequent cause of embarrassment among friends. There is a certain proportion of such cases in which the lender loses both his money and his friend. "Eaten bread is soon forgotten," and one who borrows may forget, while the memory of the lender, bad enough, perhaps, in other matters, is commonly tenacious here. "He came to me and borrowed money, and he never since alluded to it. The value of it is not so much, but it is not the thing to do."

So many a man says to himself or to a friend of someone whom he seems unaccountably to keep at a distance. Cases will arise, of course, where it is an absolute necessity, but they are not nearly so numerous as is supposed.

As for the professional borrowers who haunt the doors of benevolent persons, as a rule they have no serious intention of paying, and are to be treated accordingly. But the lenders do not learn that fact for years, and the impositions practised on well-disposed persons would often be ludicrous if they were not cruel.

Still, if men and women looked into the objects that invite their good offices, they would give from the living hand much that is now put into the "last will and testament."

My dear sir, do you not know that in a large connection like yours, extending to second cousinship, and the "third or fourth generation," there will be some who will count your bequests to benevolence instead of to them, ample evidence of insanity? Any influence which they did not successfully exercise they can swear is "undue." There are lawyers, and there are still (though the number is being reduced) pettifoggers. There are courts, judges, referees, etc. My dear sir, as far as you can, be your own executor, and so save "the profession," the printers, and the public a world of trouble.

"Oh!" says some gentle reader, "he is criticising some rich person—not me." There you are mistaken. If any good girl that earns her money honestly is asked to give it blindly to people who do nothing of the kind, but who ask it under specious pretences; if any hard toiler is urged to hand it to men that never do an honest day's work, but live on the agitations they foment, speculations they get up, or swindles they concoct, then with a hearty and unfeigned interest in you, maiden or minor, in you, yourself—for we neither want your money nor your goods—we say to you, keep your money, and wait for an object which you yourself know to be good.

SANCTUM CHAT.

PRINCESS LOUISE is said to be a first-class housekeeper, cook, confectioner, laundress, seamstress and dressmaker. Being a princess, instead of a retired fishmonger, she is not ashamed to possess such accomplishments.

—

THE union of two Bible societies has called out a letter from a Connecticut clergyman, who furnishes figures, if they are correct, to show that it costs $4 to distribute a Bible worth $1, under the old fashioned colporteurage system.

—

IT is a striking fact that in all the European States the expenditure for war is vastly greater than that for education. In France the proportion is about 15 to 1; in England, 6 to 1; in Prussia, 4 to 1; in Russia, 80 to 1; in Denmark, 2 to 1. In Switzerland alone almost as much is spent for education as for war.

—

SINCE its commencement, the New York Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children has entertained over 11,000 cases, involving over 100,000 children, and during the past year alone over 3,000 children were looked after, and 1,853 placed in homes or institutions, to say nothing of its prosecution of 1,035 cases, resulting in one thousand convictions.

—

A LADY writes to a Chicago paper: "I have been a teacher, and am now a mother. I visit schools often, and it is my experience that noisy governors make noisy children. Try quiet ways; move gently, speak low, hear the recitations as though afraid of disturbing the school, and I think the children will catch the infection and be as quiet as any one could wish. No doubt a gentle chiding will be necessary now and then, until the children become accustomed to the change."

—

A TORONTO paper doubts the usefulness of the revolver. It thinks it has little to its credit, while a long list of crimes and painful accidents stand to the debit side of the account, and adds: "As a military weapon it has little play in modern warfare, but as an instrument of murder it has a terrible record. It is peculiarly the companion of the rough, the assassin, the murderer, the lunatic and the fool. It is occasionally useful in the hands of a wise man for self-protection and to repel the assailants of society, but the reckless use of it and its accidental discharge terribly counterbalance its advantages to humanity."

—

THERE is a fire department in Jerusalem which is very different from what is understood by that term in this country. On the comparatively rare occurrence of a fire, the news is leisurely conveyed to a small detachment of soldiers, who, with great dignity, march to the scene of the fire, carrying their guns on their shoulders. In front of them march four men with broad-axes. As there is no water supply in the city, a fire-engine would be useless, and certainly would be opposed to the tradition of the people. Instead of wasting their time in such unhallowed efforts, those soldier-firemen strike picturesque attitudes around the fire, murmuring, "Allah is good!" And when it has spent itself they go back to their quarters, conscious of having done their duty.

—

THE Board of Education of Cleveland have in consideration a measure to discontinue the services of women as principals of public schools. The Cleveland *Leader* does not believe that there is any good in such a step. "No fact," it says, "has been more completely established in this age of common schools than that ladies make competent and successful teachers. They give their undivided attention to their duties, and though now and then one of them holds a position only temporarily, while waiting for "the coming man," the great majority of those who reach the position of principal make the profession a life business. But men, to whom a thousand avenues of occupation are open, follow the pursuit of teaching, as a rule, until they can get something more lucrative."

—

IT is a common custom to leave a box of matches anywhere, just where you happened to use them last—on the table, bureau, closet, shelf—in fact, any place except the match safe. Children get hold of them, and slip them into their pockets, and then in pulling out other traps to find something else, the matches slip out, just as likely to fall on a carpet or barn floor, with straw scattered all about, as anywhere else. Somebody steps on them, or a mouse nibbles at the phosphorus, and off they go! Unaccountable! Strange! The work of an incendiary! Another way—young men strike a match to light a cigar or pipe and throw it down all ablaze, never minding where it falls. If it is out of doors it cannot do any harm. It may not fall straight to the ground, a gust of wind may carry either sparks or blaze into some combustible material, and it is a seven days' wonder how the fire originated.

—

BOSTON possesses a tobacconist who has conceived a plan for the wholesale killing off of wealthy idlers. He says: "Did you ever see a workingman smoking a cigarette? Of course not. Cigarettes are smoked exclusively by wealthy chaps. Now I don't mind telling you outright what it was that I hinted at. I'm a cigarette hand. I work in a factory where 500,000 cigarettes are rolled every day. More than twenty men among us are Socialists. What would be easier than for us to put a deadly poison into a whole day's batch of tobacco? Then away would go the thousand upon thousands of our oppressors at a puff. Here and there a good enough man would fall, but the great majority would be the kind that hurt us, and the kind that the world would be happily rid of. When the time comes to bring about anarchy—and mighty soon that may be, I can tell you—we've got it in our power to destroy multitudes of the non-producing classes by just making them smoke themselves to death. It is perfectly simple and feasible. We know a poison one whiff of which would be deadly."

—

ALLUDING to a recent case of death resulting from a morning cold bath, a medical journal says: "The great mistake that is usually made in regard to it is that of never raising the temperature of the water from that of the surrounding air. The bath, even when exposed over night in the bedroom, will often be lower than forty-five degrees; and when water comes straight from the main or well it may be ten or fifteen degrees lower. Only the strongest constitutions can derive benefit from the shock produced by the application of a liquid sixty to seventy degrees colder than the body to its surface, and it is very questionable if it is ever attended with good results. Reaction may be afterwards complete, but there is always the risk of sudden danger from the condition of the body being temporarily such as to prevent immediate reaction. In such cases very serious accidents are possible, and this last instance of death may perhaps be regarded as an example in point. A temperature of from forty to fifty degrees is quite cold enough for any person to submit himself to; this allows for a difference of between forty and fifty degrees in the heat of the body and that of the bath—amply sufficient to produce all the benefits desirable from it—and it would be well for all if these extremes were never exceeded."

—

IT is whispered that the glory of the cropped heads of hair is departed, and the brown "nimbus" or flaxen halo of little rings of hair coiled into "Marguerites" or "Montagues" all over the head by the magic of bandoline is to be supplanted by the hair drawn up to the top of the head and coiled there like a wavy coronet, leaving the nape of the neck on evidence again. This will certainly be a change; but how the tresses which have been so long trained downward to form this "glory" are to be made long enough to reach the top of the head is a mystery to be solved only by the crafty hair dresser, who is generally equal to any emergency in his "profession." The girls who have clung to their tresses, affecting the little Grecian door-knockers throughout it all, certainly have their reward now; for while the unfortunate owners of cropped locks are undergoing all the torments of a new growth, their sisters of the long locks will be coroneted and crowned with an abundant wreath of hair which is to be accepted as "all their own."

—

EVERY Jack is said to have his Jill; but he does not always find her; thus bachelors who would make model husbands, and old maids who would make excellent wives, let gray hairs, and even the grave, overtake them in their single life. Not that they have failed in courtship, as is invariably said of them. Numerous are the chances they have let slip through their fingers that others were glad to catch even though aware of the former choice of their "accepted." But their ideas of the partners who could make their life as happy as they desire, are too exacting; they fail to detect all their own peculiarities and faults, and make too little allowance for the weakness and imperfection of human nature in those they would cherish above all others. They want to centre their life's happiness on the one of their choice; they feel that a mistaken hope of connubial felicity would be eternal ruin, and, failing to find the character answering to their own exactness, they fear to choose, and thus are reduced to avoid the matrimonial bonds. This scrupulous exactness in choosing a wife or husband is a real misfortune to the sensitive ones possessed with it, as they are self-condemned to a life of loneliness.

YES AND NO.

You ask to-night my daughter's hand
As you request a toy;
Do you know the weight of your demand
On a mother's heart, my boy?
You say you love her wildly. Well,
Will it last to the end of time?
Or will the ring of wedding bell
Resound its dying chime?

The heart you crave is a holy thing,
So tender, trusting, true;
Can you to her devotion bring
As warm as hers to you?
Will you love her through the changing years
As tenderly as now,
When ills shall pale or sorrow's tears
Becloud her sunny brow?

When age shall bow her graceful form,
And bleach her jetty hair,
Will you protect her through each storm,
And shelter her from care?
When time shall dim her sparkling eyes,
And winter furrows show,
Will your love be the last to die?
If not, I answer, No.

She molds her wishes to his will,
Her ways to his desires:
He leads her by love's willing web
Through life's refining fires.
She walks with him through thorny fields,
And o'er life's rugged road;
He is her idle and idea',
Her guide and household god.

So, if your love will live and burn,
And bless her future years;
If you will give her in return
The trust that life endears:
If you will guide her destiny,
And shield her from distress,
Will always live adoring her—
Why, then, I answer, Yes.

In The Bank.

BY HENRY PRITH.

SAY, mister, can you give me change for this note.

I took in the face and the note at the same time, and pushed back the change with another stare.

I don't know what made me.

But do you always understand yourself?

His cold fingers touched mine, and instinctively I drew back, chilled.

He was a burly, uncouth fellow, with scant raiment for so bleak a March day.

Doubtless I should have been filled with sympathy, if I hadn't been cornered and cowed with the instinctive thought of how hard a man he would prove for a dark night and a close fight!

He turned his gloating eyes from the iron screen that so poorly concealed the hoarded treasure of the bank, and was gone.

It may pay a bank clerk to be suspicious, but I never enjoy the feeling, and rejoiced in forgetting the little incident as the postman handed me the daintiest envelope that a foolish young fellow ever received.

I read just the most gushing epistle you can imagine a young girl would write about a newly returned soldier cousin.

You must not suppose that because Ida Dawson wrote such a note to me that she ever forgot her father was manager of the bank; but if she was going to write at all, it must be in just that way.

So I explained her enthusiasm over this handsome and valiant cousin with the dark hair, the dark mustache, and the scar.

It was the last day of the month and quarter, and wearied with extra work I went early to bed.

I heard the little clock on the mantel strike ten, and that was the very latest I knew—till, in my dreams, I was back to the bank again, and slaving it worse than ever, with no salary for extra hours.

I seemed in an agony because my cash was two hundred short, when, looking up, there was that burly ruffian of the morning sweeping gold and silver into a leather bag.

As I turned upon him he drew a revolver from his belt, and while I was considering the situation I heard a silvery laugh behind me that I knew was Ida's.

It made me reckless, though I threw overboard my love with my fears as I sprang upon the ruffian.

Knocking the knife from his grasp a false face fell with it, and I found myself struggling with the soldier hero.

As I pushed him back against the table, he let fall the bag of gold and silver, which came down upon the marble floor with such a crash and jingle that I thought it would never cease the racket, and verily all the town clocks of the city had taken up the echo.

It was too awful a torrent of noises to hold in a dream, and that sleep, which Shakspeare calls, "the balm of wounded minds," was ended, and I awoke wide enough to hear my little clock faithfully striking twelve, and the telephone signal loudly sounding at the other end of the room.

Instantly I sprang to it, and caught the well-known signal, but never before so startling.

"Hallos! hallos!"

"All right! all right!" I shouted back, in wide-awake earnestness.

"Something's wrong at the bank!"

It was all, but enough.

As if every vague suspicion had been a fixed anticipation, I was into my clothes in a moment, and buttoning my overcoat about me and grabbing my revolver from the pillow, was in the street.

It was a good mile to the bank, but I knew the way, and had travelled it as quickly as I tell it.

I could make out nothing until I had almost knocked my head against the solid iron door, when I marked the faintest streaks of light struggling through.

I had not been warned for naught.

Grasping firmly my revolver, and reminding myself to be more cautious, I gently pushed back the great door, that had been so slightly ajar, and crouchingly entered.

A faint glimmer of light was straggling over the centre of the marble floor, though I could not yet make out from whence it came.

I may as well confess that I was somewhat unstrung.

Though upon familiar ground, I didn't like to think of burly ruffians crouching in every corner.

Instinctively I glared into the score of alcoves and passages where black darkness reigned, and wondered how many eyes were watching my every movement.

Silently I had made my way a dozen paces, perchance, from the door, without thus far having seen a motion or caught a sound.

Then for the first time I noticed that the vault's door was open.

I had an idea—I didn't know how much it might cost me if I was wrong—that the burglers were all in the vault.

If I could spring the door and imprison them!

In the very act of resolving this measure I caught sight of the tall spare figure of a man stepping back from the vault's entrance into the flickering light.

I levelled my revolver upon him, and stepped firmly towards him.

It was the first audible sound to disturb the awful silence.

His quick ear seemed to catch it instantly, for he turned quickly upon me, not ten feet distant.

Nerved as I was for a desperate encounter, I was not prepared for this one.

It was an ashy pale face that looked half-startled and half-coolly into mine.

But in that instant I had read all its characterisitcs, black eyes, black mustache, and a plainly marked scar upon the forehead.

There could be no mistake, I felt.

It was Ida Dawson's cousin, from her own description in her note to me.

All my blood seemed thrown back upon my heart, and my right hand sunk useless to my side.

There could now be no mistaking his mission, if, in the light of the warning I had received, there could have been one before.

He had raised a heavy cane and was rushing upon me.

If offensive warfare is not instinctive, the defensive most surely is.

Without any formulated purpose, my left arm flew up to ward off the blow.

It was a down stroke, delivered with frightful violence; I can feel it now, and I then thought it had shattered every bone and torn every muscle. But he couldn't have done me more real service.

If the blow had paralyzed my left arm, it had fired all the rest of me into fierce action.

"Villian," was all I could cry, but my revolver flashed in his face.

He had marked my advantage before dealing the blow, and that instant sprung behind the iron door of the vault.

I was as quick as he, and had sprung its giant fastenings upon him.

"Thank Heaven!" I fervently breathed, as I rushed into the street.

The nearest telephone at my instant service was in my own room, and as I speeded towards it, all the events of the day and night whirled in inextricable confusion through my half delirious brain.

Who had warned me, and why did they not help me?

Perhaps they could not, or dare not.

Or, possibly it was an honor they wished me to share solely and individually.

"How considerate!" I half bowled, as I felt my left arm hanging as a dead weight by my side, yet each moment telegraphing messages from every nerve in its route.

But still another mystery awaited me as I reached my bachelor quarters.

All the room was a blaze of light.

My little clock had been placed upon the table, it marking twenty minutes past twelve o'clock—and what a twenty minutes!—and on a card in big rollicking letters there stared at me—though all the humor seemed frozen out in the demoniacal sneer—"The First of April!"

"The first of the deuce!" I cried. "Am I crazy or dreaming?"

"Neither, my boy!" was echoed in hoarse laughter from my inner room, as the door opened, and a dozen of my worst chums poured in about me.

"Heavens, Tom, what does it mean?" cried Blunt, as he stared at my pale, agonised face.

"Yes, what does it mean?" I fiercely answered.

"Why, the boys thought they would rattle you out this bracing April morning, and set up the champagne and cigars on your return. But, Tom, my boy, something worse than that has happened you."

"Didn't you know there was trouble at the bank?" I partly gesticulated and partly said.

"All a hoax, that Bascom concocted at the office!" excitedly answered Blunt, and all the life had died out.

"Who's got pistols?" I fiercely demanded.

"I!" "I!" shouted a couple, while several heavy sticks waved dramatically through the air.

"Follow me, then!" I cried, and dashed back into the street.

"Is he crazy outright, or only trying to fool us in revenge?" queried Bascom.

"Then I'm fooled, for sure!" answered Blunt, as he pressed after me.

Not ten minutes had passed before I was in the bank again with my posse.

"Cover the door with your pistols, boys," I commanded "and shoot the first man that shows resistance."

Back I pushed the spring with a fierce grasp, and the great iron door swung lazily open on its huge hinges.

Two persons stepped bravely out before me.

One was the soldier cousin, and the other Manager Dawson.

"What!" I exclaimed, as my revolver fell to the floor, and my well arm clutched my forehead.

"Tom," queried the old man, as his shaggy eyebrows squinted at me, "who is the biggest fool in this crowd?"

"I am, for sure, sir!" I managed to gasp, but dumfounded yet.

But the boys managed to take it all in, as Blunt screamed out—

"Bless me, if we ain't worked him twice over already, and it ain't one o'clock!"

Before the laugh would cease, if it ever could, Mr. Dawson added—

"Permit me, Lieutenant Forbes, to introduce you to my efficient assistant, Mr. Yates."

"I think I've met the gentleman before," grimly smiled the lieutenant, warmly grasping my hand. "But I didn't know who you were until Mr. Dawson told me, from my description of my antagonist, and then it was a little too late to call you back. So we mistook one another for bank robbers? But how's your arm, Mr. Yates?" he added sympathetically.

"Not much hurt, sir," I managed to quibble, as I heard a silvery voice at the door, bidding "Harry to hasten, and find out what kept papa so!"

"Pshaw!" cried the old man, "is Ida fool enough to think I was translated?"

The boys got back into the darkness, and I was trying to, when a startled, beautiful face, following her brother Harry, cried out—

"I couldn't help it—but—but—what's the matter?"

"Matter enough!" growled the old man. "The lieutenant and Tom were about to kill one another!"

I blushed almost audibly, and internally thanked everybody that my overcoat was buttoned high enough to excuse the want of a collar.

"About to kill one another!" stammered Ida, as she looked wonderingly at her father, and then furtively at me.

"Of course! There's the pistol! Tom was just going to shoot your cousin, and had a dozen fellows to see he did it scientifically, when I threw myself between them; no wonder I was a little late—doing it!"

"Father!" cried Ida, in mingled astonishment and vexation, while I never felt so much disposed to kill this grey-headed humorist.

"Tut! tut! my child!" he laughed, "it's the first of April! Let's go home. See that the boys are well treated, Tom, and use the most of the liniment that's the least advertised, on that arm of yours. I'll see you in the morning."

"I don't know what papa is talking about!" she hesitatingly said, turning towards me, with flushed cheeks, "but is your arm hurt, Mr. Yates?"

"It will be well by morning, thank you Miss Dawson!" I stammeringly answered, half-broken down by the giggling of Blunt and Bascom in their dark retreat.

She must have heard it too, for, with the lowest, but sweetest "Good night!" that was ever spoken, she hurried away.

"Hang me!" broke loose Blunt, "if I wouldn't have both my arms torn off at the hinges, for just that 'Is your arm hurt, Mr. Yates?'"

"Let's go home!" I interrupted.

"With the first toast to Tom's luck and her beauty!" amended Bascom.

A Narrow Escape.

BY PERCY VERE.

I THINK, mem," said Salina, "there's a man in the wood-shed a hiding of hisself."

"Nonsense!" said Fanny Clifford, who was too much accustomed to Salina's signs and mysteries to pay much attention to them.

"Who should be in the wood-shed, and what should he be there for?"

"For no good, mem, ye may be very sure," said Salina, compressing her thin lips.

"Hadn't I better go over to Miltons and borrow their big dog?"

"Certainly not," said Fanny, leaning back in her chair to match the effect of that last blue splash on the petals of the iris that she was painting in water-colors.

"You said there was a bogger bid in the coal-cellar last week; and day before yesterday you had Mrs. Milton's hired man up with a lantern to go through the barn, because you were certain some one was there."

"And I'm certain of it now, mem," said Salina, standing very straight, with her elbows tightly grasped in both hands.

"But Josiah, he's that stupid, a coach-and-four could be driv' driven out before him, and he not see it.

"And as for the mysterious sounds in the coal-cellar, mem, how was I to know that it was the cat knockin' down six hyacinth-glasses?"

"Noise is noise, whoever make it.

"But this time, mem, I'm morally certain."

"Oh, don't tease me," said Fanny, adding a touch more of ultramarine to the extreme edge of her flower.

"We may all be murdered in our beds," gloomily observed Salina, "with Mrs. Dodbrook's diamonds in the house, and I'm 'most sure the letter which told you they was to be sent here was tampered with."

"Oh, Salina, don't be so ridiculous!" said Fanny.

"You know Mr. George ain't a-coming home to-night," added Salina.

"Why, of course I know it!

"Didn't you hear him tell me so?" said her mistress.

"And me, and you, and Miss Abby is all alone in the house," persisted the woman.

"Yes," said Fanny absently.

"Salina, you may make us a little chocolate for supper, and broil those trout Mr. George brought in.

"And as it's a chilly evening, Salina, we will have some nicely-browned griddle-cakes, with syrup."

Salina tossed her head.

"Well, mem, just as you please," said she, "only don't say as you haven't been warned."

"No, Salina, I won't," said Miss Clifford, with provoking indifference.

The two Misses Clifford and their brother had remained at the old house longer than usual this autumn.

Ordinarily it had been their home for the three summer months, ever since old Uncle Griffith had died and bequeathed it to them.

The furniture was old; the odd little three-cornered rooms were small and inconvenient.

But in spite of all these disadvantages, the air of "anciently" that lingered around the place was very enticing, and George Clifford decided that he could do his writing at Tower Pines as well as in the city, while Fanny and Abby, a brace of very enthusiastic young artists, delighted in circular-walled studio, where they could have a fire in great open chimney-place.

So here they were, now that the chill winds of early November were shaking the last brown leaves off the trees, to the infinite disgust of Salina, who much preferred a city flat.

That domestic damsel had just vanished down the winding-stair, which she declared was destined "some time or other, to be the death of her," when an opposite door opened, and in ran Abby Clifford, the younger sister, a tall, red-chooked girl, with hair as black and thick as an Indian's, sparkling brown eyes, and a huge bundle under her left arm.

It was too dark to work longer upon the blue irises, and Fanny was sitting in a reverie before the red glow of the burning logs.

She started up at sight of her sister.

"I've got it, Fan!" said Abby, waving the bundle around in the air. "The whole suit complete, with the dearest old canvas hat into the bargain. They used to belong to Mr. Milton's uncle, who was a whaler, and finally died at sea—his Sunday suit."

"Is it too late to dress him?" said Fanny, with animation.

"But he's down in the library."

"Well, we'll go there," said Fanny. "We can work there as well as in the studio, and we shall run less risk of Salina's interference. Salina never can forget that we are no longer little girls of ten and twelve."

The supper, served up in the little round room, before the dying gleam of the logs, was exceptionally nice.

Fanny and Abby were in exuberant spirits, and praised the chocolate, trout, and griddle-cakes with enthusiasm.

Salina was as gloomy as a prophetess.

"I only hope we shall get through this night alive," said she.

But as she had made the same remark, on an average, three hundred out of the three hundred and sixty-five days of the year, neither Fanny nor Abby paid much attention to it.

But as she passed out with the last dish from the table, Salina paused close to Fanny Clifford, and asked, in a sepulchral whisper—

"Are them diamonds locked up."

"They are in my desk," said Fanny indifferently.

Salina lifted her eyes skyward.

"In your desk!" she groaned. "Hadn't I bet er take 'em and put 'em under my pillow?"

"Certainly not," her young mistress answered sharply. "Do, Salina, leave me to manage my own affairs!"

And Salina vanished in a huff.

"I'll go to bed early," she said grimly, to herself. "It ain't no use actin' up to look arter the good of people as won't take no trouble for themselves."

But just as she was about to ascend with a candle, Lady Macbeth-like, to her room, she suddenly paused.

"Them three hemstitched handkechers of mine are out on the grass a-bleaching," she said to herself, "and the black clouds in the west mean wind. I don't want them handkechers blown away. I'll go out and fetch them in."

Carefully unbolting three bolts, and unlocking one ponderous lock, Salina sallied forth, shading the candle with her hand, but the first puff of freezing air blew the little flame out.

Undaunted by this mishap, however, Salina went valiantly out, feeling her way through the cloudy starlight, until she was opposite the wood-shed.

"I guess I'll go in and cross over that way," she thought.

But as she was turning in the intended direction a light suddenly flashed out—the reddish glow of a lantern, that was almost instantly obscured by the slide.

"Gracious!" thought Salina, involuntarily stepping back, in her terror and amazement.

"Confound you!" muttered a gruff voice—the identical voice of Milton's hired man. "What did you want to show a light for?"

"The slide was rusty," apologised a second voice. "It don't matter—there is no

one but the cats and the grasshoppers to see us. The last window was darkened long ago. Come on; I'm fit to perish with cold and cramp in that outlandish hole. Let's get the matter over with."

And while Salina was striving to overcome the terrible weight on her chest sufficiently to cry out or make some sign, two dark figures slunk past her, and vanished through a cellar-door which she could have sworn she had safely secured early in the evening.

Recovering her senses as fast as she could, she hurried through the long wet grass to the rescue of the two helpless girls in the old house.

"I always knowed it would be so," she thought. "Oh, dear—oh, dear! it seems as if my feet was weighed with lead."

Finally she stumbled in the tangled flower beds.

Once she caught her ankle in the down-hanging loop of an old vine, and nearly wrenched it out of joint.

But at last she reached the green space in front of the door, just as it flew open and the two midnight marauders came stumbling out, dropping their lantern in their frantic haste.

"You fool!" muttered the man who had carried the light, "why didn't you tell me there was a man about the place—a great burly sailor, with a cutlass half as long as himself? You told me the coast was clear."

"As I live and breathe," whined Milton's hired man, "I never know of the fellow. I don't know how he came there. I can't understand it at all. I——"

"Don't stand there fooling!" savagely uttered the other. "The whole neighborhood will be in an uproar directly. Clear out! Through the shed is the best place."

But Salina was too prompt for them.

Before they could escape she had securely locked and bolted both the shed doors on the outside, and fastened the solid timber shutters of its solitary windows.

And then she rustled to the house and ran shrieking up the stairway to where Abby and Fanny, with streaming hair and shawls wrapped around their shivering forms, stood on the landing.

"Salina, what is it?" cried Fanny.

"What is it, Salina?" reiterated Abby.

"We're all robbed and murdered!" cried Salina.

"That is, we should have been, if it hadn't been for that sailor with the cutlass.

"And how he ever made his way into the house it beats me to tell."

Abby and Fanny burst into hysterical laughter.

"It's the model," said Fanny.

"The lay figure dressed up as a sailor in old Deodatus Milton's Sunday clothes, with that rusty sword that belonged to the suit of armor," breathed Abby, "down in the library.

"We arranged him to-night so that we could begin to sketch him for our naval-battle scene early to-morrow."

"Well I never!" said Salina. "I do believe he's saved our lives.

"They thought he was alive, and was half scared to death.

"Now I'm a-going to ring the big bell for help."

And a rusted bell, which had hung out of the window for half a hundred years, ready to be rung in some such possible emergency as this, presently flung forth its deep-toned warning in the silence of the November night, pulled by Salina's energetic arms.

Aid arrived in marvellously short period of time.

The two burglars were arrested and put in safe keeping until they could be committed to prison.

Old Squire Milton, who was more amazed than any one else at the novel accomplishment developed by his hired man, remained at the lonely house all night to protect the two young artists, and laughed very heartily when he saw the naval dummy which had served so good a turn in frightening off the cowardly thieves.

George Clifford resolved not to leave his sisters alone again until the removal to town was an accomplished fact.

As for Salina, she has now a valid excuse to traverse the whole house with a lantern two or three times a night whenever she pleases, and to set up a watch dog and a burglar alarm.

"It was a very narrow escape," said Salina, "and there's no telling when it may happen again."

Good Cooking.—Many a man has gone to an early grave and a probable purgatory wholly because of bad digestion. A poor cook is the right bower of the devil, and the plainer it is said the better. There is a great deal of practical Christianity in good cooking, and that is another fact that cannot be told too often nor too loud around parlors where foolish women lounge and boast of their ignorance of the culinary art. No woman is fit to marry and assume the duties of a home who cannot cook.

Texas claims to have a goose 65 years old.

"Do not Suffer a Hundredth Part."

A lady who had been for twelve years a fearful sufferer from Neuralgia, complicated with other diseases, makes the following report after three months' use of Compound Oxygen: "I cannot sufficiently express my gratitude to you for being the means of relieving me of so much pain. Do not suffer a hundredth part as much as previous to the use of your Treatment."

Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen, its nature, actions, and results, with reports of cases and full information, *sent free*. Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1109 & 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

A Swimming Lesson.

BY GEORGE ARNOLD.

"THERE must be no other summer boarders taken," said Mr. McCorkindale. "I stipulate for that."

"Oh, there will be none," said Mr. Dewey, the boarding and real estate agent, nibbling the end of his pen.

"I know Mrs. Bowers very well—a most respectable widow, in reduced circumstances—and I know all about Seatown Lodge.

"A delightful place on the edge of the ocean, where a man can't help being healthy."

"Very well," said Mr. McCorkindale.

"Let her know that I consider the thing a bargain.

"I will send my trunks on Monday of next week."

Mr. McCorkindale had been summering at the Adirondacks, and had found that mountain breezes, black flies, and dried pine-needles didn't agree with him.

He was now resolved to try the effect of October at the seaside.

And he went home, well pleased with the bargain he had made.

Now Mr. Dewey was in a partnership—Dewey and Salter—and so neatly dovetailed together were the arrangements of the firm, that Mr. Salter, who dined at half-past twelve, came to "keep office" exactly at the hour in which Mr. Dewey, who dined at half-past one, took up his hat and came to depart.

And scarcely had Mr. Salter lighted his cigar, and settled his chair back at exactly the right angle of the wall, than in came Miss Mattie Milton, a blooming young old maid, who gave lessons in swimming.

"I want board at the seaside for a month," said she.

"At a place, please, where there are no other boarders.

"Prices must be moderate, and surf-bathing is a necessity."

"Ah," said Mr. Salter, bringing his chair down on its four legs at once, "the very place!

"Mrs. Bowers, a client of ours, has taken Seatown Lodge, on the New Jersey coast, and has a clean, light, airy room to let, with good board, no mosquitoes——"

"Yes, I know," said Miss Milton. "Just let me look at her reference."

The reference proved eminently satisfactory.

Miss Mattie Milton struck a bargain at once.

"Let Mrs. Bowers expect me on Monday," she said.

And Mr. Salter pocketed his commission with inward glee.

"Anything doing?" Mr. Dewey asked, when he came back from dinner, with a pleasant oleaginous flavor of roast pork and apple sauce about him.

"I've let Mrs. Bowers' room for her," said Salter.

"Hallo!" cried Dewey.

"I let it this morning to old Mr. McCorkindale."

And I've just disposed of it to Miss Milton," spluttered Salter.

"Why the deuce didn't you enter it on the books?"

"A man can't think of everything," said Mr. Dewey.

"I was going to enter it when I came back."

"But what are we to do now," said Salter."

"Nothing," said Dewey.

"Ten to one, one of the parties won't keep the contract. We're not to blame, that I can see."

And Mr. Dewey, a philosopher after his way, arranged his desk anew, and sat down, a human spider, to await the coming of any flies who might be disposed for business.

Mrs. Bowers in the meantime, had swept and garnished Seatown Lodge, until it was fresher than a cowslip and sweeter than roses.

She had decorated her upstairs room with China matting, fresh muslin curtains, and dinky covers to the bureau and dressing table.

"I do hope I shall be able to let it," said Mrs. Bowers, with a sigh.

"But there are so many seaside lodgings this year that——

"Dear me! here comes a gentleman and a valise up the beach road.

"As true as I live, he's making straight for my house."

"Have my trunks arrived?" said the gentleman—"name of McCorkindale."

"Sir?" said Mrs. Bowers.

"I engaged the room through Dewey and Salter," said Mr. McCorkindale, "last week."

"It's the first I've heard of it," said Mrs. Bowers, all in a flurry.

"But you're kindly welcome, sir, and the room is quite ready, if you'll be so good as to step upstairs."

"Humph!" said Mr. McCorkindale, gazing around him with the eye of an elderly eagle.

"Very clean—tolerably airy—superb view from the windows.

"Upon my word, I like the looks of things."

"Do you think the apartment will suit?" said the widow timidly.

"Of course it will suit," said Mr. Corkindale.

"Here is a month's board in advance.

"You may serve dinner at one.

"Blue-fish, roast clams, lobster salad—any sort of sea food you may happen to have.

"I drink bottled ale, and I don't eat deserts.

"And now I'm going out to walk on the sea-shore."

Mrs. Bowers looked after him with eyes of rapture.

"The boarder of all others that I would have preferred," said she.

"I'm in luck!

"I thought yesterday, when I saw the new moon over my right shoulder, that something fortunate was going to happen."

But Mrs. Bowers had not stuffed the blue-fish for baking, when a light firm footstep crossed the threshold, and Miss Milton stood before her, in a dark-blue serge dress, and a sailor hat of black straw, while across her shapely shoulders was slung a flat black satchel, traveler-wise.

"Mrs. Bowers, I suppose?" said she.

The widow curtsied an affirmative.

"I am Mattie Milton," said the lady.

"I rented your room last week of Dewey and Salter."

"Dear me!" thought the widow; "am I dreaming?"

"I like the the situation very much," continued Miss Milton, looking at the curling edges of foam that crept up the beach at the left, and then at a murmuring grove of maples at the north.

"I shall probably remain here until Christmas, if I am suited."

"But the room is let already!" faltered poor Mrs. Bowers, at last recovering her voice.

"Let already?" repeated Miss Mattie Milton.

"But that is impossible. I have taken it."

"There's some mistake at the agency," said poor Mrs. Bowers. Almost ready to cry.

"It's been let twice, and I never knew of it until this moment.

"Oh, dear! oh dear! It never rains but it pours!"

"But what am I to do?" said Miss Milton.

Mrs. Bowers faded eyes lighted up with a faint gleam of hope.

"I've only one eligible apartment on the second floor," said she.

"But if you don't mind the garret, there's a nice airy room finished off there, with two dormer windows overlooking the ocean ——"

"I'll look at it," said Mattie.

She looked at it, and she liked it, and she straightway sent to the village for her trunks, unpacked her books, her work-basket, her writing-desk, arranged some seaweed over her mantle, and made herself at home.

Mr. McCorkindale, going upstairs from the dinner-table, that very day, heard a sweet clear voice, singing the refrain of some popular ballad, from the upper story.

"Eh?" said Mrs. McCorkindale, "is that your daughter?"

"It's my lady boarder, sir," said Mrs. Bowers.

"Look here," said Mr. McCorkindale, "this won't go down!"

"What won't go down, sir?" said the bewildered landlady.

"No other boarders taken, you know," he said. "That was my express stipulation."

"I'm very sorry, sir," said Mrs. Bowers, "but——"

"And I'm not going to be trifled with," said Mr. McCorkindale. "Either she or I must go!"

"Couldn't it be managed, sir?" said the landlady, half terrified out of her senses.

"No, it couldn't," said Mr. McCorkindale.

At that moment, however, Miss Milton herself made her appearance on the scene, tripping down the stairs in a quiet determined sort of way, and facing the indignant elderly gentleman as he stood there.

"What is the matter?" asked Miss Milton.

"The matter," said Mr. McCorkindale, is simply this

"I have engaged my board here on the express understanding that I am to be the only boarder, and——"

"I see," said Miss Milton. "And I am in the way."

Mr. McCorkindale was ominously silent.

"But," said Mattie, with an engaging smile, "if I promise to be very quick, and to refrain from annoying you in any manner whatsoever——"

"It would make no difference," said he.

"I object to young women."

"But," cried indignant Mattie, "suppose I should object to middle-aged gentlemen on no better pretext?"

"You are 'perfectly' welcome to do so," said Mr. McCorkindale. "You see, I am an old bachelor."

"And I am an old maid!" pleaded Mattie.

"It makes no difference at all!" said he.

"I am sorry to disappoint you, Mrs. Bowers, but——"

"Stop!" said Mattie, resolutely. "Mrs. Bowers, if either of your boarders leaves you it is me.

"I came last, and I occupy the last remunerative room.

"I will take my departure by the noon train to-morrow."

And Mattie went back to her room and cried a little, for she had become very fond of her pretty little room already.

"At all events," said Mattie to herself, "I will get up before daylight to-morrow morning and have one good swim in the surf."

She supposed, when she came out the next day, in her dark-blue bathing suit and the coarse straw hat tied down over her eyes, that she would have the coast clear.

But she was mistaken.

Mr. McCorkindale was paddling, like a giant porpoise, in a suit of scarlet and grey, among the waves.

He had always wanted to learn to swim, and here was a most eligible opportunity.

"He don't see me," said Mattie to herself, as she crept cautiously down in the shadow of the rocks.

"If he did, I suppose he would issue a proclamation that the whole sea-shore belonged to him.

"But I hope there is room enough for us both in the Atlantic Ocean."

And Miss Milton struck out scientifically, gliding through the waves like a new variety of fish, with dark-blue scales, and straightway forgot all about the troublesome old bachelor.

"It's very strange," said Mr. McCorkindale, revolving around and around like a steam paddle-wheel.

"A log floats, but I can't seem to manage it without the help of my arms and legs.

"I've always understood that swimming was a very easy business, but—Pouf—ah-h—whust—sh—sh!

"Help! help!

"Pouf-f-f!

"I'm drowning!

"The undertow is carrying me out, and I can't help myself!

"Whush-sh!

"Oh! ah! help! he-e-e-elp!"

And Mr. McCorkindale's voice lost itself in a bubbling cry, while the deaf old fisherman upon the shore went on whistling and mending his net, and the solitary individual who was picking up shells, with his back towards the surf, never dreamed but that the old gentleman was diving for his own amusement.

But Mattie, cleaving her way through the waves, perceived in a moment that something was wrong.

Mrs. Bowers fainted away when they laid the boarder on a pile of blankets on her kitchen floor.

She was one of those nervous ladies who always faint away at the least provocation.

But Mattie had all her senses about her, and, thanks to her courage and presence of mind, Mr. McCorkindale's life was saved.

"What is that rattling on the stairs?" he feebly inquired, as he sat up the next day in an easy-chair, with a curious sensation, as if a gigantic bumble-bee was buzzing in his head, and cataracts pouring through his ears.

"It's Miss Milton's trunk going away," said Mrs. Bowers, with a sniff of involuntary regret.

"Tell her not to go," said Mr. McCorkindale.

"Sir!" said Mrs. Bowers.

"Do you think I am going to turn the woman who saved my life out of doors?" puffed Mr. McCorkindale.

"But I thought you objected to women?" said Mattie's cheerful voice outside the door.

"I've changed my mind," said Mr. McCorkindale, with a fluttering semblance of a smile.

"A man is never too old to learn; and I mean to learn to swim next week, if you will teach me."

He did learn.

Mattie taught him.

And the old bachelor and the old maid spent their month at the seaside, to use Mrs. Bower's expression, "as quiet as two lambs."

"I declare," Mr. McCorkindale pensively observed, on the afternoon before his term was up, "I shall be very lonely after I leave here."

"You'll be going back to the city, you know," cheerfully observed Mattie.

"But I shall miss you," said the bachelor.

"Nonsense!" said Mattie.

"I wonder if you will miss me?" said he.

"Well—a little," owned Mattie.

"Did you never think of marrying, Mattie?" abruptly demanded Mr. McCorkindale.

"Very often," she answered calmly.

"And how is it that you never have married?"

Mattie laughed.

"Because I never saw the right one," she said.

"Just my reason exactly," said Mr. McCorkindale.

"But I think I have found her at last—and it's you, Mattie."

"It is?" said Mattie, coloring and smiling.

"Don't you think, if you were to try me, I might suit you—as a husband?" he asked persuasively.

"I don't know," whispered Mattie.

"Try me," he said, taking her hand in his.

And she did not draw it away.

How brief a time will sometimes suffice to turn the current of a lifetime!

That month at Seaside Lodge made all the difference in the world to Mr. and Mrs. McCorkindale.

When the blood moves sluggishly in the veins because it is loaded with impurities, an alterative is needed, as this condition of the vital fluid cannot last long without serious results. There is nothing better than Ayer's Sarsaparilla to purify the blood and impart energy to the system.

In an Album.

BY M. M. G.

"ARTHUR," said Carrie Lyde, "I demand, once for all, what you wrote in Lucy Beresford's album."

"And suppose," said Arthur Wharton, "I do not tell you?"

"Then I will never speak to you again, and you may take back your ring."

They were standing opposite each other in the fine old parlor, and both wore on their handsome faces an expression of pain and anger, for it was a lover's quarrel.

"I do not choose," said Arthur, "to answer all the unreasonable questions that your foolish jealousy prompts you to ask."

"It is not foolish jealousy," she answered hotly.

"You have become very intimate with them, and they are not the best people to know.

"Half the neighborhood say they are low adventurers."

"Half the neighborhood, as usual, know nothing about the people they calumniate," said Arthur.

"The Beresfords are a quiet, well-to-do family, and Miss Lucy is an artless, engaging girl."

Carrie's face grew white with jealousy at these words.

"Will you tell me what you wrote in that girl's album?" she asked in a husky voice.

"Not because I have anything to fear from your knowing it, but because you have no right to ask the question, and least of all in such a manner, I refuse to tell you."

"Then," she said, "here is your ring. All is over between us."

He took it, bowed slightly and left the house, with anguish on his face, and love and pride struggling for the mastery in his heart.

When the excitement of her anger had subsided, Carrie Lyde felt what she had done.

She took her resolution.

That very afternoon she called on Miss Lucy Beresford, under pretence of making a call of recognition on the family, as one lately established in the neighborhood.

Before Miss Lucy came down to receive her visitor, Carrie had rapidly explored the little parlor.

She found the album at length behind some volumes in a small book-case.

She looked through it eagerly for the page on which her lover had written, and found it, to her surprise, neatly cut out and lying loosely between the leaves.

It bore nothing but the name—

"ARTHUR WHARTON."

It had not even a date.

Here was an end to her jealous doubt of poor Arthur.

No words of love, even of friendship—only the name in the bold, manly characters she knew so well.

Miss Lucy could certainly have no great affection for Arthur when she had cut out the page bearing his name.

Carrie, in the revulsion of her feeling, actually felt somewhat indignant that her lover's name should be so slighted.

She had just time to replace the album, when Miss Lucy Beresford came down the stairs.

Their interview was merely an interchange of civilities; but Carrie brought away with her a bad impression of her new acquaintance.

"She is cunning and sly," said Carrie to herself; "she has one of those faces that deceive men, but never deceive women."

Immediately after the engagement had been broken off, Arthur had gone to town on some business.

Carrie hoped that he would write to her; but his pride was great as hers, and he felt that he was in the right.

Her family were displeased also with her, for so rashly repulsing the love of such a generally admired man as Arthur Wharton.

Carrie had gone to visit Mr. Winslow, a great friend of her father's, as well as of Arthur's.

The old gentleman received her with great warmth, for she was his favorite; but after the first few words, he plunged into immediate inquiries respecting her misunderstanding with Arthur.

"My dear girl," he said, "Arthur called on me directly after this silly quarrel, and was terribly cut up.

"He trusts everything to me, poor dear boy—everything.

"I am his banker, you know, my dear. Two such turtle-doves as you were, to quarrel about some girl's album.

"Why, Arthur told me he wrote nothing at all in it but his name, because he was in a hurry."

"I know," sobbed Carrie.

"I have been so wicked, dear Mr. Winslow.

"But people persuaded me he was flirting with that fatal creature, Lucy Beresford.

"And oh, I am so unhappy!"

"Out fie!" said Mr. Winslow.

"Write to him, my dear.

"You have been in the wrong—but excuse me.

"What is it, Thomas?"

"A note for you, sir.

"Gentleman waits below," said the servant.

Mr. Winslow took the note, and read the note.

He glanced over it at Carrie, with a sorrowful embarrassed look.

"Hum!" he muttered to himself.

"Five hundred for a good speculation. I don't approve of speculations; but that's not business.

"Bearer is my new clerk, Mr. Watson," eh?

"Very respectable young man, I have heard.

"Send by bearer.

"Yes—hum!"

And laying the paper on the table, he produced a bunch of keys and proceeded to open a safe let into the wall of the room half office, half library.

Carrie glanced at the note, and instantly recognized the signature, "Arthur Wharton."

"Oh, Mr. Winslow," she cried, "what is this?"

She seized the paper and read it before he could interfere.

"Really, my dear," said Mr. Winslow, a little testily, and buttoning towards her, "you are exercising your right to read a friend's notes prematurely.

"You are not married to Arthur yet, so give me that paper.

"There is something wrong here, Mr. Winslow," cried Carrie, the color coming and going rapidly in her cheek.

"There is something very wrong here."

"It is Arthur's signature.

"I have seen his signature hundreds of times," answered the old gentleman, half amused at her feminine notions of business.

"I know it is his signature.

"But have you seen this particular signature—the one written here—before today?"

"Certainly not, he said, with a smile.

"Well, I have!

"Not three days ago I saw this particular signature on this particular piece of paper, and in other than Arthur's hands."

"Good Heavens!" ejaculated Mr. Winslow the smile giving way immediately to a look of genuine alarm.

"Are you sure of what you say?"

"Perfectly sure!" she cried.

"This signature was written in the middle of a page of Lucy Beresford's album. It was a large album, and this is just half the size of the page.

"This order has been written by some one above the signature, and the rest of the page cut off below it.

"Ah, I know the paper.

"The tint is the same pale blue.

"There was a blot on the opposite side of the leaf, in the upper right hand corner."

Mr. Winslow took the paper and turned it.

On the back of the leaf was the blot as described.

"Now I know why the leaf was cut out of the album!" cried Carrie.

"How imprudent Arthur has been!" said Mr. Winslow.

"And I, like an old mole, was laughing at the girl but for whose penetration my friend would have lost so much money.

"It would have seriously crippled him in his business just now.

"Two thousand five hundred!

"Come, Carrie, give this old fool a box on the ear!"

"I'll give you a kiss instead, you dear, dear old darling!" said Carrie, throwing her arms about his neck.

Mr. Winslow rang for the servant.

He gave him some instructions, in a whisper, and then said in a loud voice—

"Show the gentleman up, Thomas!"

A young man, well, but modestly dressed, entered the room, and took the chair to which Mr. Winslow pointed him.

"It is Philip Beresford, her brother," whispered Carrie, to the old gentleman. "He was pointed out to me once."

After some civilities, the old gentleman said—

"Well, Mr. Watson—I believe that is your name?—yes.

"Well, I do not approve much of speculation in a rising young man like my friend Mr. Wharton, but I suppose he knows his business best, and has a right to call on me as his banker.

"But I decidedly disapprove of his signing his name alone in a young lady's album and allowing her or her family to fill in the sentiment at their pleasure.

"Officer, do your duty."

Mr. Watson, alias Beresford, sprang to his feet with a white face and wild eyes.

But a burly police-officer, summoned by the servant, placed his heavy hand on the young swindler's shoulder.

The whole family of the Beresfords were apprehended, and at their trial facts came out proving that they were organized and veteran swindlers, who had victimized many people in different parts of the country.

They received the sentence due to them, no mercy being extended to Miss Lucy, as she was recognized as the "head card" in some of the family's villainous enterprises.

A few evenings after, Arthur and Carrie sat in a window recess of her home, reconciled once more.

"Do you forgive me fully, then, darling?" asked Carrie, looking up at him from his shoulder, where her head was pillowed. "How good of you to forgive my wickedness in quarrelling with you for such a little matter!"

"And how good of you, dove," he whispered, stooping his head to press the ripe lips to his own, "to forgive my folly in signing my name in Miss Lucy's album!"

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., Jan. 31, 1883.

GENTLEMEN: If you have been afflicted for [illegible] with Dyspepsia, Indigestion or Liver Complaint, and have tried all the advertised remedies, and most every physician in this part of the country, and have failed to get relief, I would say that I was afflicted for over [illegible] years with Dyspepsia, and used Hop Bitters, and in less than a month was entirely cured. I am glad to be able to testify in their behalf.

THOS. G. KNOX.

30 Powders 10 Days Treatment

Engelman's Dyspepsia Powders

Positive Cure

Price $1.00

These Powders are prepared expressly for

Dyspepsia

Frank E. Engelman

Sole Proprietor

Philadelphia

BY TAKING ONE PACKAGE OF

ENGELMAN'S DYSPEPSIA POWDERS,

CONTAINING 30 DOSES,

(Sufficient for Ten Days' Treatment.)

Will convince every sufferer of that terrible disease, that they have at last found a **Radical Cure** (without drugging the system.) The proprietor of this valuable preparation does not desire to speak *against* any other *remedy* for this *complaint*, but requests all those who have not resorted to the use of any other Preparation, to give this a trial, and a particular request to others who have been almost medicated beyond redemption.

Suicides which result from disease, can generally be traced to Dyspepsia. Read the following cases:

Public Ledger, March 28, 1878.

SUICIDE BY HANGING.—On Saturday the Coroner was notified to hold an inquest at No. 620 Arizona St., on the body of George Specht, a German, aged about sixty years, who committed suicide by hanging himself in the yard of his house. He had been suffering several months from Dyspepsia.

ATTEMPTED SUICIDE FROM DYSPEPSIA.—John Nyenschwander, a gentleman of Fort Wayne, 35 years of age, attempted to commit suicide by shooting himself, and did manage to send two balls into his head just back of his left ear, where they still remain, and will doubtless prove fatal. Dyspepsia induced the act.

BATTLE CREEK, Mich., May 18.—Miss Mary Willgrod, a young lady aged 18, daughter of a leading merchant of Marshalltown, Iowa, who came to the health reform institute in this city, May 6, for treatment for Dyspepsia, committed suicide on yesterday afternoon by taking a dose of strychnine.

Dyspepsia is the Mother of the Following Complaints:

Sick Headache, Nausea, Vertigo, Dimness of Sight, Loss of Appetite, Wasting of Strength, Flatulence, with frequent Belching of Wind, Bilious Vomiting, Burning Sensation at the Pit of the Stomach, Oppression after Eating, Depression of Spirits, Palpitation of the Heart, Pain in the Pit of the Stomach, or towards Right Side, Uneasiness of the Bowels, Irritability of Temper, Sallowness of Complexion, Etc., Etc.

After reading the above, make a personal investigation of your present condition, and if you detect any, or a trace of any of the symptoms mentioned, do not lose a moment, but resort to this Invaluable Preparation at once: to delay day by day may be the means of increasing your malady to indescribable agony.

The Action

Of Engelman's Dyspepsia Powders, when taken into the system, is directly upon the Food during the Process of digestion, *absorbing gases, neutralizing acids*, and correcting *acrid* secretions, thus improving the appetite, promoting digestion, and giving tone and vigor to the entire system.

They act immediately upon the chyme and chyle, the nutritive portion of the food, containing the elements and source of the blood, that vital force which keeps all the machinery of animal life in motion.

Remarks.

In order to perfect a cure with this Preparation, it is not necessary to confine yourself to prepared foods, etc., as they, in some cases, in a very short time become unpalatable and detestable to the sufferer. Confine yourself to food agreeable to your stomach; select such as you think would not cause you distress.

Endeavor to be of a cheerful disposition, seat yourself at the table as though you were not a dyspeptic, and partake of anything thereon that you think you could enjoy; be moderate, eat slowly, masticate your food properly, do not drink anything that you have no desire for, taking Powders regularly. Be particular to see that each one is *actually dissolved*, as it is very important.

These Powders must not be classed with the patent medicines of the day, as they are accurately prepared by the present proprietor from the original formula, a favorite prescription of one of our late and highly esteemed practitioners.

As these Powders are perfectly harmless, they should be kept in every house. It is the only preparation that will instantly remove the terrible pain from indigestion.

Request your nearest druggist to get you a package.

This preparation offers a great inducement to those afflicted, and it does not necessitate long treatment, or restriction, as to the selection of food. Remember, all Chronic Dyspeptics owe their years of torture to those slight attacks of Indigestion which are daily neglected.

These Powders are put up in envelopes containing thirty powders each, (sufficient for ten days' treatment), and can be conveniently carried in the vest pocket. Each package bears the fac-simile of the handwriting and signature of the Sole Proprietor, as above.

One package (30 days' treatment) mailed to all parts of the world on receipt of One Dollar. Six packages to one address, $5. When writing for Powders please give the name of your nearest Responsible Druggist. If your Druggist is obliging, he can readily obtain these Powders from the Wholesale Dealers, who are supplied by my agents, MESSRS. JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & CO., Philadelphia.

No *testimonials* will be inserted. They can be seen at my office, on file.

The editor of this paper can certify to my responsibility and standing.

Very Respectfully,

Frank E. Engelman

LABORATORY, 1839 SEYBERT ST., Philadelphia, Pa.

Our Young Folks.

OUR HAPPY FAMILY.

BY JULIA GODDARD.

THE WOLF'S STORY.—[CONTINUED.]

"Oh yes, by all means tell 'em about it," growled the keeper.

"Let him who wins laugh, and I don't think I lost on that occasion, for here you are!"

"Well," said the wolf, "I'm an African, and my native land is the grandest in the world.

"Not like your miserable hole-and-corner country, where you have no room for anything.

"We have space!

"We have hundreds upon hundreds of miles of wild space without a hut or a man to be seen.

"Africa was made for wolves, not for men and women, and men and women have no business there at all.

"That fellow there chose to come—he and some others, with their rifles and their revolvers ready to shoot us down if they could—a pack of murderers banded together against our lives—a secret society of the worst kind, spreading themselves over a tract of country where we live.

"Now we are not like you.

"We are independent, each wolf stands on his own legs, and is sufficient for himself.

"But when we know that men are in our neighborhood, ready to be eaten, then we band together and prowl about by twelves and twenties, ready for the attack, after which we separate and keep to ourselves again.

"We prefer women and children to men—they are unarmed and weak.

"Them we carry off by daylight, but with men it is different, and we are on our guard."

"Cowards!" Eva was very much inclined to say, but she restrained herself.

"We scent them miles and miles away, and once scented we never let their steps escape us.

"You little thought how long we had been on your track"—to the keeper—"or what watch we had kept on you from the early morning, how everything you did was marked by the eyes of a dozen eager hungry wolves, or how when beyond the sight of their eyes they followed you with their noses on the sand.

"It was glorious, that day of watching and hope!

"And then when you and your companions ensconced yourselves quite safe and comfortable behind a rock, and lighted your fire and ate your supper, there we were close to you and conscious of everything you did, for if we could not see you, we could see your shadows projecting on the sand from behind the rock, and that was quite enough for us, I assure you.

"We licked our lips as you lay down to sleep, and some of our party trembled with excitement.

"Then, when we thought all was prepared for us—for you were kind enough even to throw your rifles out of your reach—to which happy event we were counting the minutes—I advanced with one companion in front of our party, for you see it is always pleasant to be first, and eagerly, yet cautiously approached.

"In that instant one of the shadows moved, and a human head appeared above the rock.

"Ah, ha! I remarked with joy where your rifles lay.

"And what chance had two marked men among a dozen hungry wolves?

"Now then—the hour has come—but, ah! what can exceed the meanness and cruelty of these midnight murderers?

"What craftiness they are driven to! what weapons they carry!

"From your breast you produced a revolver—for it was your head, you coward, that glared at me above the rock, it was your hand that fired the deadly shot—from your breast you produced a revolver.

"And what do we against such force and violence as that?

"Half-a-dozen shots were fired in among us, our companions were dispersed in dire confusion, while the wolf by my side was stretched dead on the ground, and I, crushed and disabled, lay near him, believing that death had seized me also in his grasp."

"And upon my word," said the keeper, the wolf has told the story uncommonly well, and I had no notion before this what danger we were in all day.

"It gives me a queer all-overish sort of feeling, to think of that ghastly herd having been on our track, scenting us far and near the whole day.

"It does indeed, though it is years since it happened.

"We had kindled our fire, my master and I, and eaten our supper, and thought ourselves quite safe behind the rock; and he was sleeping over so sound, and I fell off too.

"Not a sound was there to be heard.

"No distant howling or roaring—I thought we had the place to ourselves—and there—instead of that, this wicked enemy was only a few yards off, and ready to devour us.

"I declare in the innocence of my heart I thought the creatures had come on us by chance like.

"I had not a notion of their cunning—well, live and learn.

"And I have learned something from the wolf to-night.

"I don't know what it was that woke me."

"Perhaps it was me licking my lips," the wolf said.

"Something woke me, anyway," continued the keeper, to whom the two children were listening with breathless attention.

"Up I jumped, and popped my head above the rock, just as he describes, and I saw the creatures warily approaching, with fiery eyes gleaming and glaring at me, till I felt all nohow.

"And uncommon cute it was of the wolf, I must say that, to notice that the rifles were out of reach.

"It was the first thought that occurred to me, and the utter helplessness of it I shan't forget in a hurry.

"But second thoughts are best, I had my revolver—out with it—bang! bang! bang! off they scamper—down they go—and, I am thankful to say, we are saved!"

"Yes," growled the wolf, "you are saved—you are a nice specimen of selfishness, young man; but what about us, if you please?"

"Served you right replied the keeper, coolly.

"One of you was dead, the rest were put to rout, and there you lay, and we thought you were dead, too.

"My master had awoke at the sound of the revolvers, and he stood by my side, rubbing his eyes like a man in a dream.

"Then we came up to examine you, and I was uncommonly near having my fingers snapped off, I can tell you."

And the man examined his hand affectionately as he spoke.

"The vicious brute snapped at me, he did indeed, when I was quietly pulling him about, believing him to be dead.

"'Why, he is alive, Dick,' said my master.

"'He is as fine a specimen of a wolf as I ever saw.'"

"And that was the truest word your master ever spoke in his life," snarled the wolf.

"'Poor brute,' said my master, 'see, here, Dick, let's save him if we can, and take him home with us.

"'It is all very well to shoot wild beasts when the question is whether they shall take our lives or we theirs.

"'But we'll never be hard on a fallen foe my lad.'

"And so down we knelt by the creature, tied up his wounds, and made him as comfortable as we could, and much thanks he's given us for it since.

"We contrived a muzzle for him, which I thought the pleasantest part of the job, but my master said, quite enthusiastically, 'I have heard of wolves being tamed by kindness.

"That's the only way with brutes, Dick; if you want to teach a dog, or break in a horse, or anything else, there's just one secret, and only one—kindness, kindness, kindness.

"'You must begin with kindness, and go on with kindness, and finish with kindness.'"

"And were you very kind to this wolf?" asked Eva doubtfully.

"We were, but it was no use. He kept savage all through, and so we gave him to the Zoological Gardens."

"I was too old a bird to have salt put on my tail," said the wolf.

"And it would give me the greatest pleasure in life if that young lady would just thrust her hand through the bars and pat my head."

But he looked so wicked as he said this that Eva caught hold of Jeff with both hands, and ran away as fast as she could.

"Well, don't you think we ought now to go to the Monkey-house?" asked Jeff.

"Oh yes!" said Eva, "because then we shall see Pongo's brother, and perhaps he will tell us a story."

"Very well," said the elephant; "to the Monkey-house you shall go.

"Keeper, proceed!" and he waved his trunk.

Once more the keeper touched his hat, and answered—"Yes, sir."

And then in a few minutes the children found themselves at the door of the Monkey-house.

"You two go in," said the elephant; "I can't very well pass through the doorway, but I'll wait for you here."

So in they went.

The children lost no time in seeking out Pongo's brother, and making his acquaintance.

Then, after hearing that Eric had been there and delivered the message entrusted to him, both Jeff and Eva begged Pongo's brother to tell them something of his life, and this he was not at all loth to do.

Happily for the children's hearing, the news that a story was to be told soon spread through the Monkey-house and, for once the chattering ceased, and all who were assembled listened attentively.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

A CURIOUS Chinese delicacy is pickled eggs that have been buried for years, that their flavor may, like wine, be improved.

MOTHERS DON'T KNOW.—How many children are punished for being uncouth, wilful, and indifferent to instructions or rewards, simply because they are out of health! An intelligent lady said of a child of this kind: "Mothers should know that if they would give the little ones moderate doses of Hop Bitters for two or three weeks, the children would be all a parent could desire."

WILL'S ADVENTURES.

BY PIPKIN.

THE job's got to be done, and you're the lad to do it!

"Why, ye're cut out for the very work—'twill be the glory of ye."

"It can't be that I were cut out for a thief.

"And it wouldn't be a glory to me, father, and I can't do it."

"We shall see."

These were the words which stole after Will Smith as he crept out of his den of a dwelling, like a poor little, weary shadow, down the stairs and away.

His was a common name, a common-enough life also in London, if we looked below the glitter, wealth, dash, and gaiety on the surface.

A sorry waif he looked, as he crept, shadow-like, through the streets, on that fresh, cold February night, with the burden and the fears of this new trial upon him.

That his father was a housebreaker he knew, as did his mother before him; yet she had said to him, when dying, there in the attic, he and she alone—

"Hold on to father—never let him go; and think of mother in heaven."

And he had held on to him, God knew that he had.

And he had thought of his mother in heaven.

He was thinking of her now, his tears dripping down his wan cheeks, as he threaded his way along to the noise, the bustle, and the going to and fro of London Bridge.

He often came here, by the cold, sullen dark river, when life was almost too much for him, seeking solitude in the shifting crowd.

Would his mother have him hold on to to father now that he was bent on making him a thief, a housebreaker, like himself?—now that he, by reason of his agility, his cat-like nimbleness in climbing, was to mount up to a window and force his way through, and so let in the whole band of robbers, in the hush of early morning, when all the city slept, and its great throbbing pulse was well-nigh still? No, no, he could not do it.

It was late when he strolled home again, and up the rickety stairs to the attic.

His father was still there for a wonder, and so was Sweep, his own black kitten.

But for this sunny mite, his poor heart must have broken ere this.

This little comforter met him now as he entered, scrambling up to him in her glee, playing bo-peep around his neck and waist, and licking his cheeks.

"Well, have ye made up your mind?" asked his sulky father, as he slunk away with his pet to his own especial corner, and rug of a pallet bed.

"Yes, father, and I can't do it," came from the child's trembling lips.

"Then that means death to Sweep, and broken bones for your own precious self."

The boy had heard nothing for weeks past of that hated deed of daring and sin which he could not do, and the hope would nestle in his heart that his father would not press him thus hardly.

Blithely he whistled, as he splashed and washed himself at the pump, in the court below, Sweep sporting at his feet and catching at a sunbeam.

Anon, he and his little black friend returned to the attic.

Who should be sitting by the fire but his father, the elder Will, the scowl of a great resolve making his brow black and threatening.

"Well, the time is come for yes or no to that little matter as you know of—which is it to be?"

This was his greeting to the boy.

"No, father; "I can't say but no," was his reply, gathering wee Sweep to his breast, as if to gain courage from her caresses.

"Then I keep my word."

Will made no answer, but his very soul was stirred with anguish.

"To-morrow night's the time.

"If ye ain't ready to help us, you and Sweep look to it."

"Father, I can't be a thief, even for Sweep's sake."

"Then ye 'oves Sweep better than ye loves me," were the elder Will's hard, cruel words.

"No, I loves ye, father, next to God and Jesus, and mother, and I loves poor little Sweep."

In such a warm little corner of his heart Sweep nestled.

"Oh, Sweep, 'tis hard to do right, and you loving me so!"

The small brute was rubbing her head round his mouth and chin.

It seemed cruel to speak the word, and give her over to death.

"Well—yes or no?" asked his father again.

"No, I must be honest," came from the child.

"And ye mean to say I'm not?"

The elder Will started to his feet, caught him by the collar of his jacket, and thrashed him with the belt snatched from his own waist, while Sweep hid herself.

Then he dashed him out on the landing, and slammed the door after him, with the words—

"This is but a tasting of what 'twill be to-morrow, if 'no' is the word then."

The poor lad crept down into the court, and, sitting on the trough, leant his dizzy head against the pump.

At last he strayed away, his little, black darling's eyes following him, following, following, with a pert look of brute inquiry therein.

Who pitied him?

Would not God uphold him, who knew how weak he was in this strait?

He hoped He would—he seemed to cling to Him as by invisible hands; and so he went home.

Wee Sweep welcomed him with pleading mews.

She was hungry and thirsty, she told him, in her kittenish way.

Her small red lips and tongue were parched with fasting.

Bread and water he gave her, prisoners' fare, and partook of the same himself.

Then he lay down, and slept the sleep of sorrow.

But all the while, another plot was being made in his behalf; and God was about to stretch out His pitiful hands and save him, by means of a silly, idle, boyish prank.

"To-morrow is All Fools' Day; let's have some fun with Will Smith, and send him on a fool's errand," said a ragamuffin of a boy, named Phil Jones, in the very court below, that evening, to a knot of his peers, equally ragged and mischievous.

"How?"

They all clustered closer and closer around him.

"Hide his precious Sweep, and send him spying after her.

"You know Harrow's Building, that they have anigh finished outside, away out east-'arda?"

"Oh, ah, we know!"

A gleeful ring was in the speaker's voice.

"Well, we'll send 'im there, and get 'im locked in—the gaffer of the works always locks up, we see, last thing," explained Phil Jones, the arch-plotter.

"He won't be so green as to go."

"Yes, he will.

"He'd believe and do anything for Sweep's sake," averred Phil.

And thus deeper and deeper the plot grew, the bright March stars shining down on them meanwhile.

Will was home early the next evening: it seemed like going home to his doom, yet still he went.

But no Sweep was there to greet him; the garret was dreary indeed now.

He crept out in his dazed bewilderment, and sat on the stairs.

Here Phil found him.

"Now, Will Smith, quick's the word, be off to Harrow's Buildings—ye know the place—and you'll hear something worth hearing," was his greeting.

"Oh! some'at about Sweep?" asked Will, falling easily into the toils laid for him.

"Ay! some'at about Sweep.

"She's stole, as I know, and does not say more."

"For truth, shall I hear some'at?" questioned the child.

"Ay, for truth; off and fetch the pretty darling home, and some'at 'll soon be revealed."

Harrow's Buildings were a good way off, but the weary boy reached them at last.

He entered the first door he came to; all was dusk and darkness within.

He sank down on the ground, weary and ill.

A half-sleep was stealing over him, when a key grated in the lock of the door he had entered.

Ha! what was that?

These lads were hoaxing him; this was the first of April.

He chuckled, in spite of himself, as he remembered that the trick had been played after twelve o'clock, and so was not half a bit of fun after all.

Then his thoughts strayed away sadly to Sweep, his father, and that deed of darkness planned for to-night.

Well, the night passed, and with it the mystery, for soon the friendly gaffer turned the key in the lock again, when morning broke; and there, outside the house, when Will emerged, stood Phil Jones and his friends, grinning almost from ear to ear.

"Well, have you found Sweep, Master Greenhorn?" asked Phil.

"No," said Will, "and ye haven't made half an April fool of me, 'cause 'twere after twelve when ye sent me—goose as I was to believe ye."

And he also grinned, boy-like, though his heart were heavy.

"Ah, and your precious father have played April fool to-night.

"A whole batch of 'em tried to rob a house and failed—'twere April fool all, don't you think?"

Phil pitied his small, white-face victim, who suddenly turned dizzy, and clung to the wall.

"There, don't ye mind, he's gone to a safer place than we popped you into; and served 'im right.

"He ha'n't been no sugar-stick of a father to ye, poor lad.

"Come and have some'at hot; I'll stand treat—we've had our fun, and you've had your prison.

"Precious cold, wasn't it?"

They clapped him on the back, and gave him a cup of coffee from the first stall they came to, and then home to the attic.

Here was Sweep awaited him.

And his father?

Ah! his father was transported—not for life though.

And in the end Will's steadfast love saved him.

IN France on a big cut a scaffolding "crossed on applies as a safeguard of the building practice which might diminish the chance of an accident.

BY THE RIVER.

BY MRS. MARY E. HAIL.

I stand by the river, the beautiful river,
That reaches across to eternity's shore,
And I see the deep waves rolling onward forever,
Of the tide that goes out but returneth no more;
And I wonder if mortals so slow in their seeming
Ever dream of the glory awaiting them there—
Do they see the bright spars that are fitfully gleaming
Like the signals aloft on the ocean of prayer.

I stand by the river, the beautiful river,
And behold the red sunlight that falls from the west,
And I know that the sunbeams that shimmer and quiver,
Are lighting my path to the city of rest.
And I look upon life as a scene of commotion
Where mortals are fruitlessly striving for gain,
And I know that when over this storm troubled ocean,
Our lives shall be ransomed from sorrow and pain.

I stand by the river, where the moon's crescent lingers,
Where roses are blooming in beauty complete,
And lilies are dipping their slender white fingers
In the river whose foothill makes melody sweet;
And I wonder why mortals are faithlessly turning
From Heaven all around and above, everywhere,
While the lamps of the righteous are brilliantly beaming,
And each soul has a welcome the glory to share.

I stand by the river, the beautiful river,
While angels are singing the songs of the blest,
And I know that if true to my trust now and ever,
My vessel shall land in the harbor of rest.
For the darker the storm-cloud the brighter the lining,
And though darkness and sorrow around me may fall,
I know that above me the sunlight is shining,
And Heaven waits with blessings for each and for all.

TRICKS OF TRADE.

A PLAYBILL is not always the most truth-telling publication in the world. Managers, driven to their wits' ends to draw a sluggish public, often announce entertainments which they have no means of producing properly, or even at all, and have to exercise an equal amount of ingenuity to find substitutes, or satisfy a deluded audience.

Power, the celebrated Irish comedian, was once making a starring engagement. It was about the time that the dramatic version of Mrs. Shelley's "Frankenstein" was making a great sensation, and Power announced it for his benefit, playing the "Monster" himself. The manager, however, refused to spend one dollar even upon the production.

"You must do with what you can find in the theatre," he said.

There was only one difficulty. In the last scene Frankenstin is buried beneath an avalanche, and among the stage scenery there was nothing resembling an avalanche to be found, and the avalanche was the one prodigious line in the playbill. Power continually urged this difficulty.

At last the manager fell into a brown study for a few moments. Then suddenly brightening up, he said:

"I have it; but they must let the green curtain down instantly on the extraordinary effect. Hanging up in the flies is the large elephant made for Blue Beard; we'll have it whitewashed."

"What?" exclaimed Power.

"We'll have it whitewashed," continued the manager, coolly; "what is an avalanche but a vast mass of white? When Frankenstein is to be annihilated, the carpenters shall shove the whitened elephant over the flies—destroy you both in a moment—and down comes the curtain."

As there was no other alternative, Power even submitted.

The whitened elephant was shoved over at the right moment, the effect was appalling from the front, and the curtain descended amidst loud applause.

Not quite so successful was a hoax perpetrated by the famous Elliston, many years previously. Then, also, business had been very bad, and he was in great difficulties.

Let us give the managers their dues. They do not, as a rule, resort to swindles except under strong pressure; then they soothe their consciences with the reflection that as an obtuse and ungrateful public will not support their legitimate efforts, it deserves to be swindled.

So, after a long continuance of empty seats, the bill-boards of the town were one morning covered with glaring posters, announcing that the manager had entered into an engagement with a Bohemian of extraordinary strength and stature, who would perform some astonishing evolutions with stone upwards of a ton in weight, which he would toss about as easily as an ordinary man would a base-ball.

What all the famous names of the drama and all the talents of its exponents had failed to accomplish, was brought about by a stone, and on the evening announced for its appearance the house was crowded to overflowing. The exhibition was to take place between the play and the farce, and scarcely had the intellectual audience patience to listen to the piece, so eager were they for the noble entertainment that was to follow.

At length, much to their relief, the curtain fell. The usual interval elapsed, the house became impatient, and impatience soon merged into furious clamor. Then, with a pale, distraught countenance, Elliston rushed before the curtain. In a moment there was a breathless silence.

"The Bohemian has deceived me!" were his first words. "That I could have pardoned; but he has deceived you, my friends, *you;*" and his voice trembled, and he hid his face behind his handkerchief and seemed to sob. "I repeat, he has deceived me; he is not here."

A yell of disappointment burst from the house.

"But, my dear patrons, your kindness merits some satisfaction at my hands; your consideration shall not go unrewarded. You shall not say you have paid your money for nothing. Thank heaven, I can satisfy you of my own integrity, and present you with a portion of the entertainment you have paid to see. The Bohemian, the villain, is not here; but the stone is, and you shall see it."

He winked at the orchestra, which struck up a lively strain, and up went the curtain, displaying a huge piece of sand-rock, upon which was stuck a label, bearing the legend, in large letters:

"This is the stone."

It need scarcely be added that the Bohemian existed only in the manager's brain. But it is a question whether the audience which could be only brought together by such an exhibition did not deserve to be swindled.

Grains of Gold.

What ought not to be done, do not think of doing.

Whoever makes a great fuss about doing good, does very little.

Some men, like pictures, are fitter for a corner than a full light.

Perfection is attained by slow degrees; it requires the hand of time.

If you are not wiser or better at the end of the day, that day is lost.

Conscience is the voice of the soul; the passions are the voices of the body.

A child, like a letter, often goes astray through being badly directed.

Industry needs not wish, and he who lives upon hope will die fasting.

Do this very day and hour the duties which this day and hour demand.

If every year we rooted out one vice, we should soon become perfect men.

Let no one overload you with favors; you will find it an insufferable burden.

Every act reacts on the actor, and we receive precisely according to our deeds.

All other knowledge is hurtful to him who has not honesty and good nature.

Without content, we shall find it almost as difficult to please ourselves as others.

Don't put off to-day's work until to-morrow, in hope that it will be done for you.

Good breeding always shows itself most when to an ordinary eye it appears the least.

The pictures in our hearts fill all the world for us either with ugliness or loveliness.

He who gives way to angry invective furnishes a strong presumption that his cause is bad.

No man ever offended his own conscience, but first or last it was revenged upon him for it.

There is no better test of purity and true goodness than reluctance to think evil of one's neighbor.

Fathers and mothers are, and must be, for good or evil, the main educators of their children.

They that will not be counseled cannot be helped. If you do not hear reason, she will rap your knuckles.

Adhere always rigidly and undeviatingly to the truth; but while you express what is true, do it in a pleasing manner.

The thread of a cheerful man's life spins out much longer than that of a man who is continually sad and desponding.

It is all very well to hear and to read the wisdom of others; but one should not let this take the place of one's own thought.

It is neither safe, respectable, nor wise to bring any youth to manhood without a regular calling. Industry, like idleness, is simply a matter of habit.

Femininities.

Woman is the nervous part of humanity; man the muscular.

The Treasury Department has graduated 100 brides the last four months.

A contemporary mentions a case beyond the ordinary oculist. It is that of a young lady who, instead of a pupil, has a professor in her eye.

In some parts of Algeria the women, even the poorest, are permitted to show only one eye, the other features being entirely concealed.

"She's secret as the grave, and so her word you cannot doubt it;" "True, but some graves have stones, you know, and tell us all about it."

Sometimes tender, loving mothers hurt their children by love and tenderness of the wrong kind. Both are good in their places, but not in excess.

Rusticus wrote a letter to his love, and filled it full of warm and keen desire; he hoped to raise a flame, and so he did—the lady put his nonsense in the fire.

A few days since a verdant youth with his blushing bride arrived at one of the principal hotels, and immediately registered as "S. E. Jones and lady, on a bridal tower."

"I don't like to have my husband chew tobacco," remarked a young married lady, "but I put up with it, for the tin foil is just too handy for anything doing up my front crimps!"

Large bows of gay-colored ribbon are worn tied around the arm at the elbow, with dark dresses, by ladies ambitious to start new fashions. The effect is quite striking, which is just what is intended.

When a young man says his girl is "worth her weight in gold," he is not putting a very high valuation upon her unless she is a very heavy girl. At this rating, 120 pounds of girl would only be worth $30,000.

A Camden man says his wife's conversation is a perfect wonder. Maybe he means by this that it is brilliant and witty, but in this connection, it is difficult to avoid recalling the saying that wonders will never cease.

Louisa had the toothache, and cried. Her mother tried to pacify her. "I'm ashamed of you. I wouldn't be such a baby before everybody." "O, yes, it's all very well for you; when your teeth ache you can take them out."

According to the *Bazar*, flowers dispute the field with feathers for the trimming of bonnets, but always in large, thick clusters, and the little capotes are hidden from sight by the huge bouquets with which they are loaded.

Though psychologists make no mention of the fact, yet it has been undeniably proved, from past history, as well as from present experience, that men are as fully slaves to certain whims and fancies as the weakest woman ever born.

The Harvard "Annex," for women, ensconces itself in four apartments—a reception-room, a reading-room, and two recitation-rooms. Its reference library is a nucleus collection of 600 volumes. There is a cabinet of apparatus for scientific illustrations.

It was at the close of the wedding breakfast. One of the guests arose, and, glass in hand, said: "I drink to the health of the bridegroom. May he see many days like this." The intention was good, but the bride looked as if something had displeased her.

John (who is an antiquary)—"Eliza, my dear, I bought a beautiful match for our old claw-foot table at auction to-day." Eliza (who is anti-antiquarian)—"Why John, you old fool, I sent it up to the auction yesterday afternoon, to get it out of the house."

A man had the misfortune to lose his wife. He ordered to be engraved upon the tombstone the single word "Regrets." "Why," said the stone-cutter to him, "do you not say eternal regrets?" "Can't do it; I only rent the plot in the graveyard for five years."

The Boston Sheriff who made the annexed remark is level-headed: "Many women come to me at the jail and want to send and talk to the criminals, but I tell them to go and read and talk to the same class that are not as yet criminals, and keep them from being such."

Dark brown and primrose were the colors worn by the bridesmaids at one of the ultra-fashionable London weddings lately, and the dresses were described as marvels of elegance. Instead of the conventional bouquets, the maids carried long-handled brown baskets filled with dainty primroses.

"You say your wife gets mad and raises a row?" "I should say she did. She makes enough fuss to run a freight train forty miles an hour." "But if you knew she was in the habit of getting mad, why did you marry her?" "Because, if I had bvld back she would have got madder than ever."

Here is an epitaph on a scolding woman, which comes from Connecticut:

Brought here by an incessant row,
This slab smothers
A widow, who perforce rests now,
And lets others.

A five-year-old daughter of a farmer living six miles north of Fort Wayne met with a singular and sudden death the other day. She was watering plants in the garden when, her foot slipping, she fell upon a piece of broken glass bottle, a sharp piece of which pierced her heart. Death was, of course, instantaneous.

A Dover, New Hampshire, paper says: "Ten weeks ago one of our citizens hired a house girl. She was married three weeks later, and left the following day. He hired another, and she skipped off to get married four weeks later. Then he hired a third, and she resigned yesterday to enter the married state. Now he wants another girl, but prefers one who does not think of marriage."

At a recent dinner given in Paris by a former resident of New York, the table was a bed of flowers banked with strawberries of the largest size, gilt wire baskets filled with roses, and an expensive satin fan at each lady's place. The ices were served in a wheelbarrow made of nougat, over the sides of which were tumbling apples, peaches pears and grapes, all of different creams and water ices.

News Notes.

Salt, if applied immediately, will prevent ink stains.

Let sunshine in all rooms; it is better than medicine.

New Hampshire records one divorce for every ten marriages.

Brides' dresses are made with elegant simplicity this season.

Beeswax and salt will make rusty flatirons as smooth as glass.

A Long Island man has a curiosity in the shape of a pig with seven feet.

Amber, topaz, and all-yellow stones are in vogue for ornamental jewelry.

A four-year-old girl in Gainesville, Ga., knit a 15,000 stitch tidy in three days.

Chicken down—the color of the newly-hatched—is the latest shade of yellow.

Fish may be scaled much more easily if dipped for an instant in boiling water.

Gold thistles and gold burrs are the latest millinery and hair ornaments.

The Church of England Temperance Society has been in existence for 21 years.

Shellac is the best cement for jet articles. Smoking the joint renders it black to match.

Five boys under 20 years of age are in jail in Portland, Ore., charged with murder.

Dead Man's Station is the melancholy name of a wayside resort near Mammoth City, California.

Overwork in schools is not confined to this country; there are serious complaints of it in England.

The hair of the ex-Empress Eugenie is fast turning white. Sorrow is no respecter of place or person.

Romanoff, the family name of the Czar, literally translated, assumes the less poetical form of Robertson.

Nebraska claims the largest apple ever grown in America. It weighed twenty-nine and a half ounces.

Judge Folk, of Brownsville, Texas, has invented a spiral windmill which will run street and railway cars.

Ohio has over 6,000 applications on file in the Postoffice Department for positions worth from $800 to $1,000 annually.

It is estimated that the pawnbrokers of New York city, collectively, have fully $25,000,000 of pledges in their possession.

It cost $70 to raise 334 bushels of rice at a point in South Carolina, which sold for $340 in Charleston. Net proceeds, $270.

In probably no other place in the world but Strobeck, Germany, does chess form a regular course of study in the schools.

Iowa has the largest number of twins of any State in the Union. According to reports, 940 Iowa mothers gave birth to twins last year.

A colored tragedienne, Henrieta Davis by name, contemplates starring under the patronage of Frederick Douglass and others of her race.

An electric light about the size of a small bean has been constructed and used successfully in illuminating interior portions of the human body.

An Auburn, N. Y., hen, with a literary turn of mind, laid one egg the other day with "honey" and some other words apparently printed on it.

Frank Hess, of St. Louis, Mo., has tolled the church-bell for the dead for a quarter of a century. He died while ringing it, tolling, as it was, his own knell.

The New York East Conference announces that the proportion of Methodists to population has fallen from one in sixty-four to one in one hundred and four.

It is said that the Stars and Stripes have never floated from Mount Vernon since Washington died, and the ladies of the association are going to have a flag-raising.

A committee of ladies decorated the Methodist Church at Gardner, Me. Among the mottos they put on the walls was the effete text: "It is not good for man to be alone."

Every man in the employ of the Atlantic and Pacific Company, from the highest official down to the day laborer on a section, is assessed 50 cents a month to assist in maintaining a hospital.

French policemen in Paris are paid rewards of one dollar to five dollars for making arrests and capturing offenders, and the Minister of Justice has decided to increase these by one-third.

A Chinaman who appeared as a witness in a case in which he was deeply interested, could not understand what was meant by kissing the book. Finally he got mad and bit the whole corner off it.

The famous Cherry Grove, Pa., oil district, which astonished the world a year ago by pouring out an ocean of petroleum, has thus far cost the producers who invested there a net loss of nearly $1,400,000.

Sawing is too wasteful a process to be used in the manufacture of veneer. The logs are first steamed till they are soft, and then put on a machine, and a knife shaves off strips as thin as the thinnest tissue paper.

Washington A. Roebling, chief engineer of the Brooklyn Bridge, has been an invalid for years, having become a victim of caisson disease. His wife, who is a very intelligent woman, has afforded him great assistance in preparing plans for the work.

TREAT PROMPTLY—CRAMPS, Diarrhœa, Asiatic Cholera, and Bowel Affections, with Dr. Jayne's Carminative Balsam, and you will obtain speedy relief, and promote a certain cure.

LITTLE SIMPLICITY.

Golden her tresses, and blue were her eyes,
  Beaming with innocence, loving and baby-like,
Cheeks like a cherry's which never disguise
  Modesty's blushes—whatever may they be like!
Peeping from under her bonnet of straw,
  Trimmed in the fashion of simple rusticity,
These, when we met, were the features I saw,
  Features belonging to Little Simplicity.

Dressed in a faded and old-fashioned gown,
  She, with her prattle so sweet, captivated me,
Gladly forgetting the belles of the town,
  Love in a cottage I fancied awaited me;
Sighing no longer for fortune and fame,
  Life seemed to dance with renewed elasticity;
Out in the meadows I whispered, "Be mine!"
  "What is your income?" asked Little Simplicity.

Oh! disenchantment, to ask what I earned,
  I, who had been such a dutiful slave to her,
Vainly I begged she would then see returned
  All the presents (unpaid for) I gave to her.
This small adventure was ten years ago,
  Still I am verging on genteel mendicity,
Five little pledges of love I can show—
  Wonder how many has Little Simplicity!

—U. N. None.

Humorous.

Always in trouble—U R.

A skeleton in the closet—A hoop skirt.

The father of his first baby is apparent to the first casual observer.

A melancholy reflection—The top of a bald head in a looking-glass.

What is an artist to do when he is out of canvas? He should draw on his imagination.

An unhappy marriage is like an electric machine—it makes one dance, but you can't let go.

It does rather stir up the bile of a college president to speak of him as running a dude factory.

A man in Rochester has such a cracked voice that he rarely says anything without breaking his word.

So far as we are concerned, style is no object. We would just as leave walk to a cemetery as ride in a hearse.

Although there is a tariff of 102 per cent. on castor oil, little boys and girls discover that there is always one more spoonful in the cupboard.

A burglar who has climbed up to a garret window on a ladder, is arrested by a voice shouting: "What do you want?" "May I ask you for a glass of water, please?"

An exchange says: An impecunious individual remarks that life was the same to him at school as it is now. He was strapped then, and has been strapped ever since.

Tit for tat: A—"Is the Baron at home?" B—"No; he sends word to you that he has just gone out." A—"Good! Give the Baron my compliments, and say that I didn't call."

Brigham Young's grave is utterly neglected, and his widows never visit it. They went there once to cry over his remains, but it made the ground so sloppy that they all caught cold.

A snow-white hen in Arkansas hatched out five black chickens, and killed every one of them after they left the shell. She didn't want the other hens to eye her suspiciously and talk about her.

In olden times a Roman Senator used to shut himself up for three days after eating onions. The great man of to-day walks right out of the house and begins to argue with the first individual he meets.

Epitaph of an Arizona man who loved his neighbors' horses not wisely but too well, and who was also bad in other ways: "He was pretty mean in some respects, but then he was meaner in others."

It is pretty hard to bring up a child to believe that a circus is bad, when Beecher writes to a showman and says that the circus is a big thing, and he would like to go once a week. If the greatest preacher in the world wants to go to a circus once a week, why should we fan a boy with a piece of clapboard because he wants to go once a year?"

Brooklyn Bridge and Mayor Beatty:

Or, Great Public Enterprise and Self-Made Men.

On the 3d of January, 1870, the work of preparing for the foundation of the towers of the now famous Brooklyn Bridge was begun. On April 1, 1870, Daniel F. Beatty left his father's home in Hunterdon County, New Jersey, penniless. To-day he owns the largest Reed Organ Works in existence, and doing a business of several millions of dollars annually. Credit is due to those who managed the great Bridge; the same may be said of Mayor Beatty, of Washington, New Jersey, who now is shipping an organ every ten minutes.

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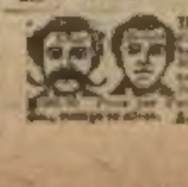

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"Presenting the Bride" Heard From

Baldwin, Wis., May 19, '83.

Editor Post—I received the picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and all who have seen it are delighted with it. You may look for some subscribers from me shortly, as many of my friends expressed a desire to subscribe, and how could they feel otherwise, with such a paper, and such a premium!

F. H. T.

Philmont, S. C., May 22, '83.

Editor Post—I received your premium picture yesterday all sound, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of the premiums usually offered by newspapers, and certainly ought to bring you many subscribers. Am quite proud of it.

A. A. S.

Macon, Mo., May 21, '83.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," came to hand all right. I cannot find language to express my thanks to you for the beautiful premium. I have received many premiums, but yours leads them all. Will send some subscriptions soon.

E. S. P.

Browning, Mo, May 19, '83.

Editor Post—The premium picture, "Presenting the Bride" received, and I consider it grand. I have shown it to several of my friends, and each and every one of them pronounce it beautiful.

M. E. A.

Martin, Tenn., May 22, '83.

Editor Post—I have received premium, "Presenting the Bride." It far surpasses my most sanguine expectations—perfectly lovely! Will get some subscribers for you.

A. N.

Sheldon, Ill., May 23, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—The picture, "Presenting the Bride," has come to hand, and in good condition. I am much pleased with it, indeed. I have shown it to some of my neighbors, and they all unite with me in voting it beautiful. Will send you some subscribers soon.

O. W. H.

Janesville, Ind., May 23, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your magnificent premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," at hand, and think it very beautiful. I am greatly pleased with it, and thank you very much for such a beautiful present. I have shown it to quite a number of people, and they all say it is the prettiest and richest premium they have ever had the pleasure of beholding. Will do all that lies in my power to increase your subscription list.

C. A. W.

Weir City, Kan., May 19, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," was duly received, and am more than pleased with it. It is by far the handsomest picture I ever saw.

P. S.

Rock Bluff, Fla., May 19, '83.

Editor Post—Have received my picture, "Presenting the Bride," and was surprised at its marvelous beauty. I am well pleased with it. I have shown it to several of my friends, and all say it is the handsomest and most valuable premium they ever saw.

S. W. J.

Cadaretta, Miss., May 21, '83.

Editor Post—The picture premium, "Presenting the Bride," received. It is beautiful, and I am very much pleased with it. All who have seen the picture think it is just superb. Expect to get you numerous subscribers in a few days.

T. I. P.

Greenville, Tex., May 20, '82.

Editor Post—I received my premium last night, and think it very beautiful. I will with pleasure aid you in raising your subscription list, and I think I can get a great many subscribers for you.

R. C.

Glenwood, Iowa., May 21, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—My beautiful premium Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," came duly to hand, and it is even better than you claimed it to be. I will see what I can do for you in the way of new subscribers.

B. S. B.

Taylor's Bridge, N. C., May 19, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—I received the beautiful picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of my most sanguine expectations. Shall see what I can do for you in the way of subscribers.

G. B. D.

Portsmouth, Va., May 24, '83.

Editors Post—I received my premium for The Post, for which accept thanks. It is the most beautiful premium I ever saw.

G. H. A.

Malvern, Iowa., May 18, '83.

Editor Post—"Presenting the Bride" was delivered to me yesterday, and am highly pleased with it. We consider it a gem. Have given it a conspicuous place in our gallery for the inspection of our friends.

K. C.

Pleasantville, Ind., May 22, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Paper and premium received. THE POST is a splendid literary journal. And the picture is very handsome. Am greatly pleased with it. Everyone who has seen the picture considers it grand.

A. J. M.

Boston, Mass., May 25, '83.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," is indeed a beautiful gift of art, and cannot fail to please the most fastidious. Many thanks.

L. C.

Corvallis, Ore., May 15, '82.

Editor Post—I received my Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," and think it very beautiful. Had it framed and hung up two hours after its arrival. It is admired by everybody.

T. P. W.

Facetiæ.

A Western invitation: Come out and "blow" up with the country.

An Illinois paper, in describing a late tornado, says: "A white dog, while attempting to weather the gale, was caught with his mouth open and turned inside out."

"What makes the milk so warm?" the milkman was asked, when he brought the can to the door one morning. "Please, mum, the pump-handle's broke, and missus took the water from the boiler."

How much pleasanter this world would be to live in were it as easy to go to bed at night as it is to remain there in the morning, and as easy to get up in the morning as it is to talk about it before going to bed?

A "pocket guide" for instruction in the art of swimming has been published in New York. When you fall overboard and don't know how to swim, all you have to do is to tread water and read your guide.

There are 956 "poetesses" in Germany. That accounts for the enormous and rapidly-increasing German immigration to the land of the free. Still the poor refugees are only jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire.

It was a cold day for the nobby young man when the pretty girl who wanted to be complimentary and say he looked swell, let her grammar get away with her to the extent that she should say he looked swollen.

Little Selim Myers swallowed a dime belonging to his mother one day last week. He had ten cents of his own, and when he realized that the coin belonged to his mother, he jubilantly exclaimed: "I'm glad it wasn't mine."

A polite man, truly: The scene is laid in a railway carriage, where the passengers are smoking furiously. The eighth passenger, courteously. "I beg your pardon, gentlemen, but I do hope that my not smoking does not inconvenience you."

A child born recently in Turkish Kurdistan had quite a heavy beard, and the Diarbekir newspaper say that "from the moment of its birth its behavior has been far from satisfactory; that it is excessively noisy and violent." Perhaps the child wants a shave.

HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN Hair Renewer.

Seldom does a popular remedy win such a strong hold upon the public confidence as has HALL'S HAIR RENEWER. The cases in which it has accomplished a complete restoration of color to the hair, and vigorous health to the scalp, are innumerable.

Old people like it for its wonderful power to restore to their whitening locks their original color and beauty. Middle-aged people like it because it prevents them from getting bald, keeps dandruff away, and makes the hair grow thick and strong. Young ladies like it as a dressing because it gives the hair a beautiful glossy lustre, and enables them to dress it in whatever form they wish. Thus it is the favorite of all, and it has become so simply because it disappoints no one.

BUCKINGHAM'S DYE FOR THE WHISKERS

Has become one of the most important popular toilet articles for gentlemen's use. When the beard is gray or naturally of an undesirable shade, BUCKINGHAM'S DYE is the remedy.

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R. P. Hall & Co., Nashua, N.H.

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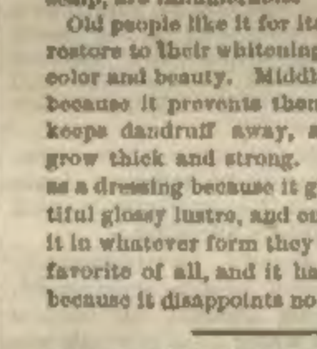

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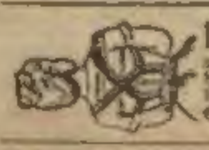
Agents wanted in every county; the best, cheapest, and the best-selling Washer ever invented. It occupies no more room than a wringer; is strong, durable and simple, and is easily operated; and saves over half the time and labor in washing. Send for a Price-list. Large discount to the Trade and Agents.

SEAMAN & CO., Millport, N. Y.

GUIDE TO SUCCESS, WITH FORMS FOR BUSINESS and SOCIETY

Is BY FAR the best Business and Social Guide and Hand-Book ever published. Much the latest. It tells HOW TO DO EVERYTHING in the best way. How to be your own lawyer. How to do business correctly and successfully. How to act in society and in every part of life, and contains a gold mine of varied information indispensable to all classes for constant reference. Agents Wanted for all or spare time. To know why this book of REAL value and attraction sells better than any other, apply for terms to DOUGLASS BROS., Philadelphia, Pa. and Cincinnati, O.



Lady Agents can secure permanent employment and good salary selling Queen City Skirt and Stocking Supporters, etc. Sample outfit Free. Address Queen City Suspender Co., Cincinnati, O.

Agents Make money selling our family Medicines. No capital required. Standard Cure Co., 197 Pearl St., New York.

FREE to every Reader OF THIS Advertisement, A SPLENDID TIMEKEEPER.

In order to advertise HOUSE AND HOME, and secure subscribers promptly, we have decided to make the following most princely and magnificent offer to each and every reader of this paper. It is the common practice of the gold and silver refiners of England and Switzerland to purchase from the pawnbrokers of their respective countries all the gold and silver watches which have been surrendered, simply for the sake of the gold and silver cases. The works are then sold to a celebrated watch firm who have made a specialty of this business. The first pieces it receives in the hands of skilled workmen, who set to work and put them in as good condition as possible. These works embrace every variety of movement, some of them being very fine and perfect timekeepers, all handsomely cased. We have just purchased the entire stock (15,000) of a banker at concern of the above described watches at less than the first cost of the raw material.

On receipt of $1.50, the subscription price of House and Home, and $1.50 extra to pay for packing, postage, and registering, we will send House and Home for one year (52 numbers), and one of these watches, postpaid, to any address in the United States. Watches mailed the day the order is received. The watches were purchased specially to go with House and Home, and will be furnished only to subscribers to that publication. In order to introduce it at once we make this unusual offer, which could not be made were it not for the fact that we bought the watches at one-quarter cost of manufacture.

On receipt of 50 cents extra we will send our new and elegant watch chain, with a Whistle Charm and Dog Call Attachment—just the thing for hunters and sporting men.

MONEY RETURNED IF NOT AS DESCRIBED.

Address METROPOLITAN PUBLISHING CO.,

252 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.

WHAT THEY SAY OF US.

West Point, N. Y., Oct. 17, 1882. Metropolitan Publishing Company. Gents: I am in receipt of the handsome premium watch sent me. I was much surprised to know that you could supply so good a timekeeper for so little money. HOUSE AND HOME alone is worth the price. Enclosed please find six (6) new subscriptions at $1.50. Please send me 6 premium watches, the same style as the last. Very truly yours, Lieut. E. S. Farrow, U. S. Army.

Murfreesboro, Tenn., Sept 30, 1882. Gents: Watch arrived. * * * All right in time keeping qualities. Jesse W. Sparks, Jr.

St. Paul, Minn., Sept. 14. Premium received, and a nice one it is. Gen. R. W. Johnson. Wrightstown, Minn., Sept. 19, '82. Received premium last night. Will subscribe. Martha Goodale.

South Gardiner, Me., Dec. 24, '82. Received watch and paper; like them much; was offered $10 for watch; don't want to sell. H. C. Goodwin.

Waverly, Pa., Feb. 16, '83. Received the beautiful premium watch. It keeps good time; our jeweler pronounced it coin silver. M. M. Radford. Testimonials like the above received every day.

N. B.—The popular and beautiful weekly publication known as HOUSE AND HOME, illustrated newspaper (established 1880), is one of the best and most elegantly illustrated weekly newspapers of the day, full of News, Art, Science, Fashion, Music, Poetry, Charming Stories, Wit and Humor, Useful Knowledge, and Amusement for every American home. In fact, a pictorial history of the world from week to week—sixteen pages beautifully illustrated—same size as Harper's or Leslie's Illustrated weeklies.

Any parties who would like further evidence regarding the business ability and reputation of the publishers of House and Home and to those who may be in doubt regarding our responsibility or of our being able to fill all orders promptly at rates so conspicuously and unusually low, we refer to the testimony of the following well known persons who have subscribed for House and Home and received the premium Watch.

Received Watch and Paper. like them much; was offered $10 for watch; don't want to sell. H. C. GOODWIN, South Gardner, Mo.

Received the beautiful premium watch. It keeps good time; our jeweler pronounced it Coin Silver. M. M. RADFORD, Waverly, Pa.

Would not take $10 for my premium watch; it keeps perfect time. C. W. JACKSON, Mt. Vernon Barracks, Ala.

Premium watch received, gives good satisfaction. The best premium I ever saw offered with a paper. JAMES F. CHAPEL, Lake Mavin, Wis.

Watch and paper received—am well pleased; watch alone worth the money. R. M. FRANKLIN, Watch Maker, Roanoke, Va.

Premiums came this evening, thanks. They are all I could wish—am perfectly satisfied. C. E. SHERLAND, Auburn, Cal.

Received premium watch and chain—watch runs like a charm—the chain is pretty and I thank you. JOHN W. LITTELL, Livingston, N. J.

The premium watch which I received some weeks ago, keeps better time than a gold watch I paid $100 for. Every man and boy can have a watch now, and they should take advantage of your unequaled offer by sending at once. Dr. W. B. MILLS, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

The watch came its long journey in safety and is perfectly satisfactory. I like HOUSE AND HOME very much. FRUCKNEY HAWKINS, Anderson, Texas.

Received premium watch all right, and much pleased with the appearance of a timepiece for so little money. Will do what I can to increase the circulation of your useful paper. WILLIE NORTH, Yankee Hill, Cal.

We have received your paper and watch—well pleased with them both. Will present our thanks to you. Mrs. S. C. CLAY, Bieghts, Cal.

Received the premium watch; keeps good time; my neighbors wondered how you could give such a watch for the money. A. HALD, Lenwood, Butler Co.

I appreciate your HOUSE AND HOME Paper very much. GEO. H. LANTZ, Lebanon, Pa.

I think a great deal of your Illustrated House and Home paper. HENRY ZELLER.

I want three more watches—I think your paper the best I ever read. It is the best in America. E. A. MAY, Kinlorbish, Sumter Co., Ala.

Received premiums last Friday. Many thanks. JOHN W. PERRY, Malvin, N. Y.

I am well pleased with the premium watch, for it is a perfect time-keeper—would not be taken what I gave for it. J. HARVEY FRALICK, Neffsville, Penn.

Received watch and paper, think a great deal of both. J. H. CLIBURN, Lebanon, Pa.

The premium watch has come to hand—am well pleased with it. EDWIN IRWIN, Shenan, Neb.

Received watch in good order—keeps very good time; my family as well as myself well pleased with House and Home, paper alone is well worth the money. THOMAS M. ALLEN, Marietta, Ga.

I am pleased with the paper, also the premium watch. Either one is well worth the money I paid. E. B. PEOPLES, Roanoke, Va.

Premium watch and chain received. The chain is a beauty, also the whistle charm. I have no fault to find. JAMES C. IRWIN, Carlton, Pa.

I like your Illustrated HOUSE AND HOME very much, it has the true ring to it. S. D. JONES, Albion, R. I.

Premium Watch received and is keeping good time. I am satisfied and wish you abundant success in your business. J. T. WREDEN, Holbrook, L. I.

I am in receipt of your watch, with which I am pleased, it is more than I expected. H. NEIS, Lake City, Mo.

Premium watch received—it is a perfect time-keeper; am well satisfied. W. S. BARTON, Palmyra, Mo.

Am in receipt of your premium watch, indeed I can't comprehend how you can afford to send such a precious article for so little money. Your HOUSE AND HOME is a valuable gem among the numerous American papers. W. F. POTT, Teacher, So. St. Louis, Mo.

The premium watch arrived, am well pleased with it, will get you all the subscribers I can. Mrs. I. WARNER JACKSON, Mich.

Watch and paper received, like the paper well—watch runs first rate. CRAMER B. POTTER, Spirit Lake, Fla.

House and Home improves with every number. Your opinions on political questions especially deserve consideration. D. W. DICKINSON, Dickman, Ky.

Received premium watch to-day in good running order, well worth the money. GEO. L. NILESTALL, Wellesley, Ont. Canada.

Received House and Home and premium watch all right—was pleased, so were all the boys. I want the agency of this town, and will canvass it; have six names promised now. H. B. HORTON, Buel, Mich.

HOUSE AND HOME is a good paper. Premium watch better than I expected—sold it for $5.00. W. J. Snyder, Pequaming, Mich.

Received premium watch in good order; gives entire satisfaction both for style and keeping time. Had a first-class Silversmith examine it—said they would cost wholesale, double what I paid. A. H. RAMSEY, Covington, Ga.

Received premium all right. Very good looking watch; please accept thanks. E. C. STILLMAN, Plainville, Conn.

Received House and Home and your splendid little watch. Thanks. Success to your enterprise. Every number is an improvement on the last. May it throw its benign influence over our entire country. My son is fast becoming a man under its influence. C. CRAW, Cowles, Webster Co., Neb.

Will send you more subscribers to HOUSE AND HOME, it is very interesting and your prize watch keeps good time. C. E. WARSING, Greenville, Va.

The premium watch arrived to-day, it keeps time as good as one that cost $50.00, thanks. JOHN HEERMAN, Jr., New Brunswick, N. J.

Your Illustrated Paper is greatly admired. Think you will get some subscribers here. J. J. CALLOW, Cleveland, Ohio.

Received the watch; am well pleased. Mrs. MARY TATE, Kirkville, Iowa.

I send you many thanks for the watch you sent me a few days ago, it keeps good time. H. J. CHRISTIANSON, Helena, Cal.

Received the premium watch. To say I am pleased does not convey the proper meaning. Mrs. I am delighted; it exceeds my expectations, and is a good timepiece. Accept my thanks. IRA A. WILLIAMS, Prescott, Kansas.

Received premium all right and found it as represented. Am well satisfied. C. W. JACKSON, Mt. Vernon, Ala.

House and Home is improving wonderfully. H. W. SMILEY, 910 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Received the neat little three-piece leader, well pleased with it. CHAS. THOMPSON, Rochester, Cal.

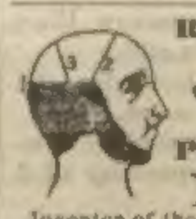
Received House and Home and the premium watch; well pleased with them. I will get us your name in this place. Good many here that want the paper and watch. WM. HEMSLEY, Raymond City, W. Va.

Our object in giving away so many Valuable Premiums *is to introduce and advertise* HOUSE AND HOME *and push its circulation up far beyond anything ever before known in the Newspaper business. We are determined to get*

ONE MILLION SUBSCRIBERS.

Metropolitan Publishing Company,

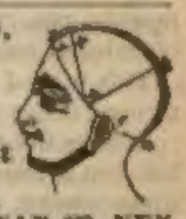
252 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.



R. DOLLARD,

513 CHESTNUT ST., Philadelphia.

Premier Artist IN HAIR.



Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.	TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Fronettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair.

Symptoms and Cure.

The symptoms are, moisture, like perspiration, intense itching, increased by scratching, very distressing, particularly at night; seems as if pin-worms were crawling in and about the rectum; the private parts are sometimes affected. If allowed to continue, very serious results may follow. "SWAYNE'S OINTMENT" is a pleasant, sure cure. Also for Tetter, Itch, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Erysipelas, Barbers' Itch, Blotches, all scaly, crusty Skin Diseases. Sent by mail for 50 cents; three boxes, $1.25 (in stamps). Address DR. SWAYNE & SON, Philadelphia, Pa. Sold by all Druggists.

RUPTURE

Relieved and cured without the injury trusses inflict, by Dr. J. A. SHERMAN'S system.

Those who value immunity from strangulated rupture and the comforts of physical soundness, should lose no time in securing the benefits of his treatment and remedies. His book, containing likenesses of bad cases before and after cure, with evidence of his success, and indorsements from distinguished physicians, clergymen, merchants, farmers, engineers, and others, is mailed to those who send ten cents. Principal office, No. 251 Broadway, N. Y.

YOUR NAME Printed on 50 Extra large Chromos in Colors, (exclusive) French & Swiss Florals, Motto, Remembrance & Verse Cards, in fancy script type, 30c, 14 packs $1, 50 or 25 Gold Bevel Edge Cards, 10c. Our Beautiful boxed Sample Album for 1883 with Agent's Premium List, enlarged Price List, &c., 10c. S. M. FOOTE, Northford, Ct.

LANDRETH'S SEEDS ARE THE BEST DAVID LANDRETH & SONS, 21 and 23 S. Sixth St., Phila., Pa.

Salary and Expenses to men and women agents. J. E. Whitney, nurseryman, Rochester, N. Y.

Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

PEARL GRAY, more or less set in the shade of late years, is being decidedly revived.

Several of the toilets prepared by Worth, in view of the coronation festivities, for the Empress and for various ladies of the Russian Court, were of different shades of pale, silvery grey; and the "gris mis talseura," who are slowly but surely destroying Worth, Rodrigues, Alexander, Dusirzean and the rest, have all had a great deal to do with grey this summer.

Some of the New York establishments are following suit and turning out grey toilets and costumes full of "paschutt" and elegance, which rejoice the heart of women whose complexion is fair and bright enough to.

STAND THIS MOST TRYING OF COLORS.

This dress will serve as a specimen: Round narrow skirt of silver gray ottoman with a pyramid of side plaits reaching barely above the knees in the front.

Framing these plaits broad bands, like slanting panels, of darker gray plush.

Polonaise of ottoman draped away from this front like a long redingote, and falling in straight plaits behind to the top of a narrow plaiting on the back of the skirt.

At the neck a plaited square of ottoman, surrounded by a jabot of duchesse.

Narrow bands of duchesse laid over the sleeves to form cuffs, and the ends of the lace gathered full inside the slit which is made on the under part of the sleeve.

The adjuncts for the costume are long "perle gris" gloves, which are coming into fashion again, an "osier" or basket bonnet of black and white braid, with a bunch of pink roses on the front, and gray plush strings and a parasol of black Spanish lace over a gray satin lining.

THE BASKET BONNET

has no lining; the light shows through it as it would through any "ready" fruit basket a woman might place in jest on her head; and, indeed, the resemblance between a little fruit basket and these plaited straw bonnets is of the closest, particularly when, as is occasionally the case, for the bunch of flowers is substituted some appetizing-looking cherries, blackberries, apricots or currants.

The white nun's veilings made at fashionable establishments for this summer are mostly pattern dresses with narrow lines of colored embroidery done in silk.

This sort of trimming is decidedly the newest thing for that style of dress.

It does not exclude lace as a further finish, but it renders any large quantity of it unnecessary.

The embroidery, which is generally a modest line in chain stitch, with small rings or medallions at intervals, runs along the top of the flounces on the apron, if the costume has one, and forms the front of the basque and the sleeves.

It gives a faint touch of color to the dress and a certain neat, trim appearance which is pleasing.

Equally new, but more "voyant" and also less dressy than these veiling pattern dresses, are others of a coarser quality with broad bands in colors stamped on the material representing animals, landscapes and grotesque figures in motley procession.

This is original, though neither artistic nor beautiful.

A cream-colored veiling with a bright red border of this description will make quite a "stunning" costume for the morning at the watering places.

The correct way for making it up would be to have two flounces of the colored border on the skirt, these flounces being gathered, and that without much fulness.

A long round apron of the plain veiling would trim the front appropriately, and the back drapery could also be plain.

One thoroughly new arrangement for back drapery is effected by laying one end of the large square breadth on the right side of the skirt in full plaits, and letting the other end hang straight on the left side, forming a loose, square corner.

The basque of such a veiling dress as that of which we speak might be made without any of the bright border, two narrow pieces of the stuff being carried from the neck down the front and held at the waist by a small bunch of shirring.

But it would be more effective to have in addition either a deep collar in the back, or a high straight collar all round, of the border, with cuffs of it, and the postillion back might be arranged in one organ plait, right in the centre, with revers of the border turning over to meet it on both sides. We have spoken on another occasion of the sun hats of shirred lace and mull, the "capelines," which will be so much worn by Frenchwomen this summer.

This past week we have been shown still newer ones, which have the light poke frame covered with fine ecru Irish point embroidery.

The embroidery used is fully eight inches wide, and sometimes ten.

It is plaited over the brim, and also over the high crown; but the plaits are not regular, but soft and broken.

Instead of flowers colored ribbon is used to supply the trimming.

In one case two bits of scarlet watered ribbon escape from under the brim in the back and are tied in a loose knot, the ends hanging.

In another a pale blue satin ribbon encircles the crown, with the embroidery veiling it, and is tied in a flat bow on the brim in front, while the ends escape in the back and are knotted simply together, as above described.

The lace sun hats are, upon the whole, prettier than these newer ones, because they have a lighter appearance.

Bretonne or Pompadour, about three inches wide, is much employed for making them.

The lace is half gathered, half plaited, in successive rows beginning from the top of the crown, where it is disposed in small circle.

Flowers are better than ribbons for these sun hats.

About the prettiest we have seen had a cluster of pink and blue morning glories nestling on the front of the brim.

These hats "sound" so easy to make that every woman will probably imagine she can manufacture one for herself in a very small space of time, and with an even smaller expenditure of trouble.

But let her not so deceive herself.

It costs more that at first appears to turn a really pretty sun hat of this kind.

If it is not very graceful and "chic," it is very decidedly dowdy-looking.

There is no medium.

It is yet a question whether the style itself will "take" very largely in this country.

Everybody wore "capelines" in France last summer, however, and in England.

They are much favored for garden hats. The most generally popular hats for more dressy purposes will be this summer, as usual, large white straws with long white plumes.

Leghorns, however, are not as largely chosen as for some years past.

English straws, which have a fine, rich yellow tinge, are much employed.

Very large square crowns are the rule for all broad-brimmed hats.

All the white trimming laces, provided they are moderately fine in quality, are used on the white hats, and a good deal of white satin ribbon comes into play.

A Leghorn of medium size, bent into a poke, has nothing on the outside but some white satin ribbon tied up into three or four coquettish little bows, which form a sort of chain on the brim in front, and two straps of satin ribbon, doubled to form inch-wide bands, passed across the back of the high crown, half an inch apart one from the other.

A tiny little bow is set at both ends of these bands.

The inside of the brim has a plaiting of broad Bretonne lace.

A high-crowned, yellowish English straw with a straight brim of medium size has two rows of plaited Bretonne both inside and outside the said brim.

On the outside the second row laps over the first, leaving only the edge of it exposed.

On the front is a white feather pompon and a large black.

Two long white plumes sweep away on the left.

A Leghorn flat is trimmed with two long plumes, one laid around the crown on the right side, the other falling over the upturned brim on the left.

A large rosette of Pompadour joins the two feathers together in the front.

A quilling of Pompadour serves as a lining.

Fireside Chat.

HOUSE-CLEANING NOTES.

HOUSE-CLEANING should have no fixed date, but be held entirely subject to the weather.

Everything should be removed from each bed-room which has been in constant use during the winter, and from the rooms which have been occupied by visitors much of the time.

Guest-rooms which have been closed, or used but a few days, will not need cleaning beyond a good airing, dusting and wiping off the wood-work and windows, unless changes are to be made in carpets and window-hangings.

In the occupied bed-rooms the closets should be cleaned first, and, if possible, the day before the room, or it might even be done several days before.

All the clothes should be removed from the closet, and hung out in the air and sun in the clothes yard or on a porch, and left there all day, the boxes, etc., removed from the shelves, and they, with the catch-alls, bags, and shoe-bag, looked over, and all the odds and ends relentlessly disposed of. If the walls are of hard finish they should be washed off with tepid water.

If they are prepared they can be rubbed off with a dry cloth.

If the shelves and floor are washed off with clear lime-water they will remain delightfully white and pure all summer.

A closet floor should never be carpeted. If the floor is old, oil-cloth of a light color may be put over it.

Before the things are removed from the room they should be cleaned and dusted. The smaller articles can be put away in the closet, and larger ones removed in another room.

The glass over the pictures should be cleaned with dry whiting and woolen cloth.

Carved brackets or shelves should have the dust removed from them with a soft brush, and afterward be well rubbed with linseed oil and a woolen cloth.

The mirror should be rubbed off with whiting.

The mattresses and bedding should be put out where they can have the benefit of air and sun.

The carpet is taken up after all the furniture is removed, and put out on the grass to be cleaned.

The floors are then swept, and the walls wiped off with a small bag of wheat bran. The windows should be washed with cold water in which soda has been put.

The soda will remove all spots and stains from glass, and keep it from having a smoky look.

Soap should never be used on glass.

The floor should be mopped off with hot water and soap, or with clean lime water. After it is dry, and before the carpet is put down, wash it around for a distance of six or eight inches from the walls, with a mixture of equal parts of turpentine and camphor, to destroy and keep away moths.

If matting is to take the place of the carpet, the latter should be folded up, and sheets of blotting-paper wet with the mixture of turpentine and camphor laid between the folds.

If it is then put in a large store box which has been papered over on the inside, and a newspaper with turpentine and camphor placed over the top, it will be secure from moths.

After the carpet or matting is put down there is nothing left to do but bring back and arrange the furniture and various trifles, which, as they are all cleaned and dusted, rubbed up and polished, takes but a little while.

It is a good plan, if the room is one occupied constantly, to bring in bedding from another room, and let the mattresses and pillows have a few day's sunning.

A hair mattress should be thoroughly dusted off with a whisk broom dampened. The pillows should be washed off with a brush dipped in hot water; let enough water soak into them to wet the feathers well, then let them dry in the sun, turning once a day, and bringing in or covering up at night, and the feathers will seem like new. A feather bed can be treated in the same manner.

If the tick needs washing, scrub it with warm soap-suds, rinse well with clear water and dry in the sun.

It is well to be sure that the pillows and beds are perfectly free from moisture before putting them in use again.

After the upper stories have been finished the lower floor comes in for its share of attentions.

The same plan—one or two rooms at a time, and each article cleaned as it is taken from its place—should be followed.

If the wood work has been grained and varnished, it may be cleaned in the same way, and if the varnish is marred and scratched, it can be restored to its former good looks by applying turpentine and linseed oil, equal parts of each, well mixed together, and rubbed in with a silk or woolen cloth.

A very good polish for furniture is equal parts of sweet oil, turpentine and vinegar, mixed together, and applied with a sponge or woolen cloth.

If there is any reason to suspect that moths have made inroads in upholstered furniture, it should be sprinkled with benzine.

The benzine is put in a small watering-pot, such as is used for sprinkling house plants, and the upholstered parts of the furniture thoroughly saturated with the fluid.

It does not spot the most delicate silk, the unpleasant odor passes off after an hour or two in the air, and it will completely exterminate the moths.

Hangings of all kinds should be taken down at the spring cleaning, well dusted, aired, and, if there are any signs of moths, sprinkled with benzine.

If the ceilings are to be whitewashed, it should be done while the carpets are up and the curtains down.

Smoke stains can be cleaned off of ceilings by washing them with water in which common washing soda has been dissolved. If the ceiling is cracked, or small pieces of plaster have fallen out, it can be made smooth again by filling up the places with plaster of Paris mixed with water.

Correspondence.

BELLA, (Upland Pa.)—1. Judging from your description, we think you are very pretty. 2. Your friend is of a jealous disposition. 3. Your writing is excellent.

O. W. B., (Lebanon, Pa.)—Deafness produced by scarlatina is not hereditary, but the tendency to weakness in the internal ear, which causes scarlatina to affect the hearing, is likely to pass on to the next generation.

F. G. R., (Philadelphia, Pa.)—James K. Polk, the eleventh President of the United States, was born in Mecklenburg County, N. C., in 1795. His ancestors are said to have emigrated from the north of Ireland early in the eighteenth century. The name was originally Pollock, but, like so many other Irish names, it became anglicized as we have it now.

PAUL, (Morgan, Va.)—The ordinary trough-battery is as simple as any. It consists of a wooden trough, divided into compartments, containing the acid. In each of these compartments hangs two plates, one of zinc and the other of copper, suspended to a wooden bar, which can be raised so as to lift the plates out of the acid when not in use.

DUNCAN, (Marshall, Kansas.)—The young lady is too young to know her own mind, or to decide on such a serious matter as an engagement. Break off the whole affair for the present, and in three or four years you and she will be better fit to judge whether you should be engaged at all; and if you are then engaged you will get along with each better than you do now.

READER, (Bradley, Ark.)—Among the ancient poets the cornucopia was a horn out of which proceeded plenty of all things, by a particular privilege which Jupiter granted his nurse. The real sense of the fable is that in Lybia there is a little territory, shaped not unlike a bullock's horn, exceedingly fertile, given by King Ammon to his daughter Amalthea, whom the poets feign to have been Jupiter's nurse.

JACK, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—You ask too much. What the ingredients of beer are now-a-days, and how they are used in its manufacture, is more than anybody not in the business can very well find out. Among what are considered legitimate ingredients of beer are barley, wheat, rice, corn, oats and peas. The illegitimate ingredients are kept a secret by the manufacturers, and so are many of the processes by which those "unknown quantities" are turned into the various kinds of fluids that are called beer.

C. S. D., (Worcester, Mass.)—When the lips are dry and cracked even in warm weather, the trouble is likely to be due to general ill-health rather than to anything which local applications can relieve. Take exercise, keep your room well aired, and be careful to eat and drink slowly and in moderation. It will do no harm to use some form of lip-salve, which you can get from any druggist, not because such salves have any more power to heal than glycerine and vaseline, but because they are harder, more pleasant to apply, and protect the surface better by remaining on it longer.

ADMIRER, (Kensington, Pa.)—The most highly civilized nations of antiquity used to burn the bodies of their dead, and place the ashes in funeral urns, often of great beauty. When Europe woke up from the night of the dark ages, men naturally turned to the remaining fragments of the old civilization and copied them, sometimes too servilely; in this spirit they adorned the monuments to the dead with urns for the ashes of the departed, although the practice of cremation had been abandoned, and the remains, in reality, lay decaying and under the monuments.

M. A., (Freeborn, Minn.)—We fear that we do not fully comprehend. If others have, by perverse counsel, alienated your daughter-in-law, bear and forbear should be the rule, unless their purpose is vicious; in that case, advise your daughter-in-law plainly of the character of the work the intermeddlers are doing, and then declare yourself unwilling any longer to be considered her adviser. If she cannot see clearly enough to detect the right, and be brave enough to do it, you are not bound to continue a hopeless warfare in her behalf, to the destruction of your own peace of mind and the happiness.

NORA, (Montgomery Co., Pa.—You have not done anything wrong in corresponding under the circumstances, and the fact that your friend was too ill to write to you, or that you did not answer his letter for some time, is no reason for breaking off the correspondence. There would be nothing improper in exchanging pictures with him, but a prudent young lady does not hand her photographs about too freely. You should address the gentleman in writing as you do in speaking. If his name is Shaw, for instance, begin "Dear Mr. Shaw," unless you were on sufficiently confidential terms to use his first name, which, in that case, replaces the "Mr. Shaw." "Dear friend" is permissible, but "Dear sir" is only used in letters of business.

BARKIS, (Montcalm, Mich.)—Cultivate the acquaintance of the ladies whom you do know. Confide in the married ladies, not quite as frankly as you have in us, but still frankly. Tell them that you want to meet some nice girls; ask their advice and counsel, and you will secure their good offices as well. When you do meet young ladies, do not be discouraged if the first interviews are a little stiff and formal. Remember you are not the only bashful person in the world. When you are attracted to any particular young lady, try to make the acquaintance of her friends of both sexes, so as to become part of her circle, and be able to join in her pursuits and amusements. In this way you will be able to judge of her character and feelings, and recommend yourself to her.

M. V. N., (Philadelphia, Pa.)—There is only one possible relation between the attractive force—that is, the force that draws the planet to the sun—and the tangential off from its orbit, like a stone from a sling—which can cause the planet to describe a perfect circle, while there are an unlimited number of relations of these two forces which would cause the planet to describe an ellipse. Hence, although a planet might very well revolve in a circle, and although in point of fact the ellipses described are very near circles, yet the chances are unlimited against any planet describing an exact circle. The real "why" of the matter—why these laws are impressed on these planets—is beyond our experience, and is to us unknown and unknowable, unless we should either receive higher faculties, or a revelation from higher beings.